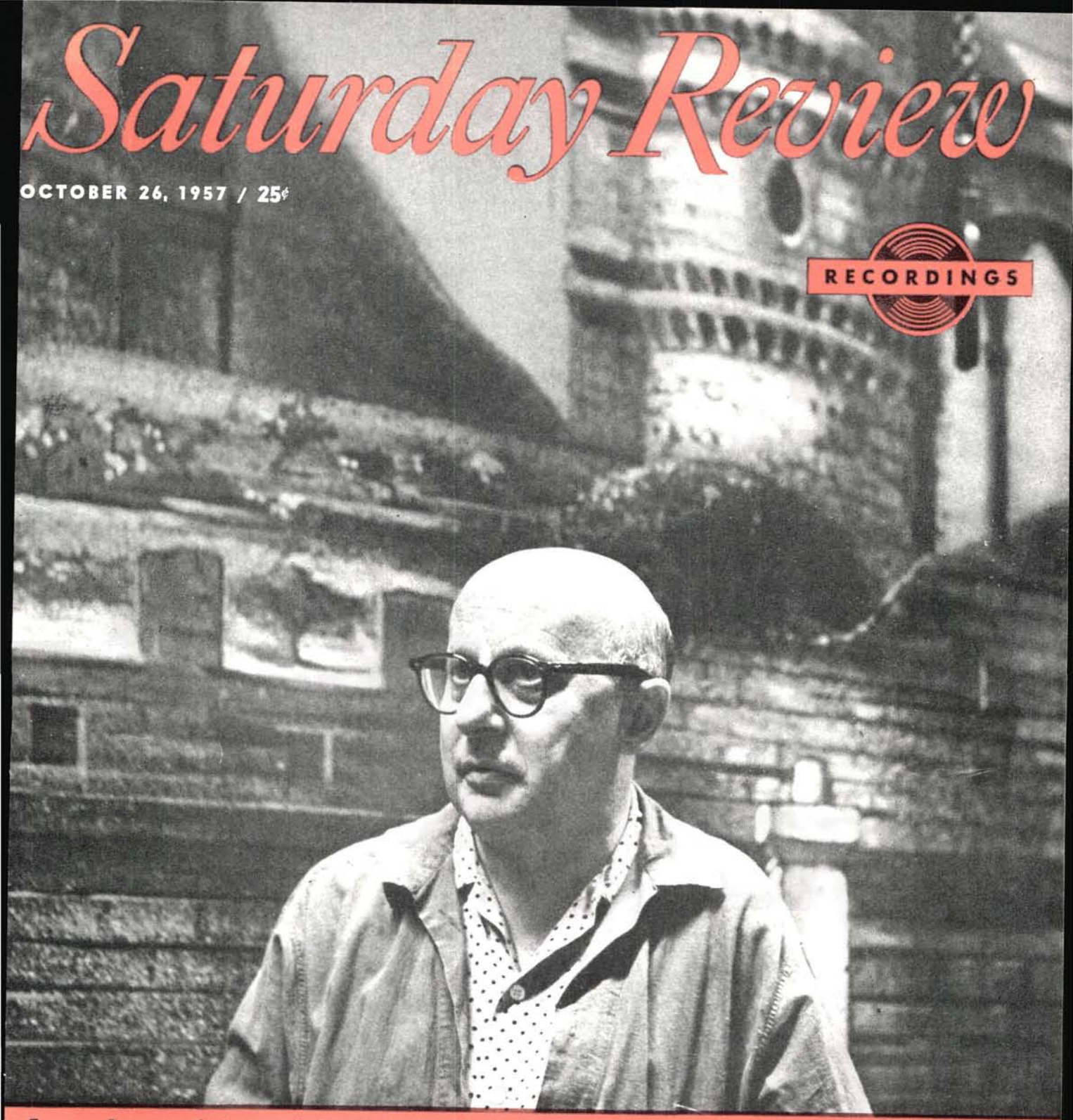
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 26, 1957 / 25¢

RECORDINGS



Eugene Berman, designer of the Metropolitan Opera's new "Don Giovanni." (See RECORDINGS)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE RADIO COMMENTATOR

By Quincy Howe

GUNSBACH AND LONDON

An Editorial

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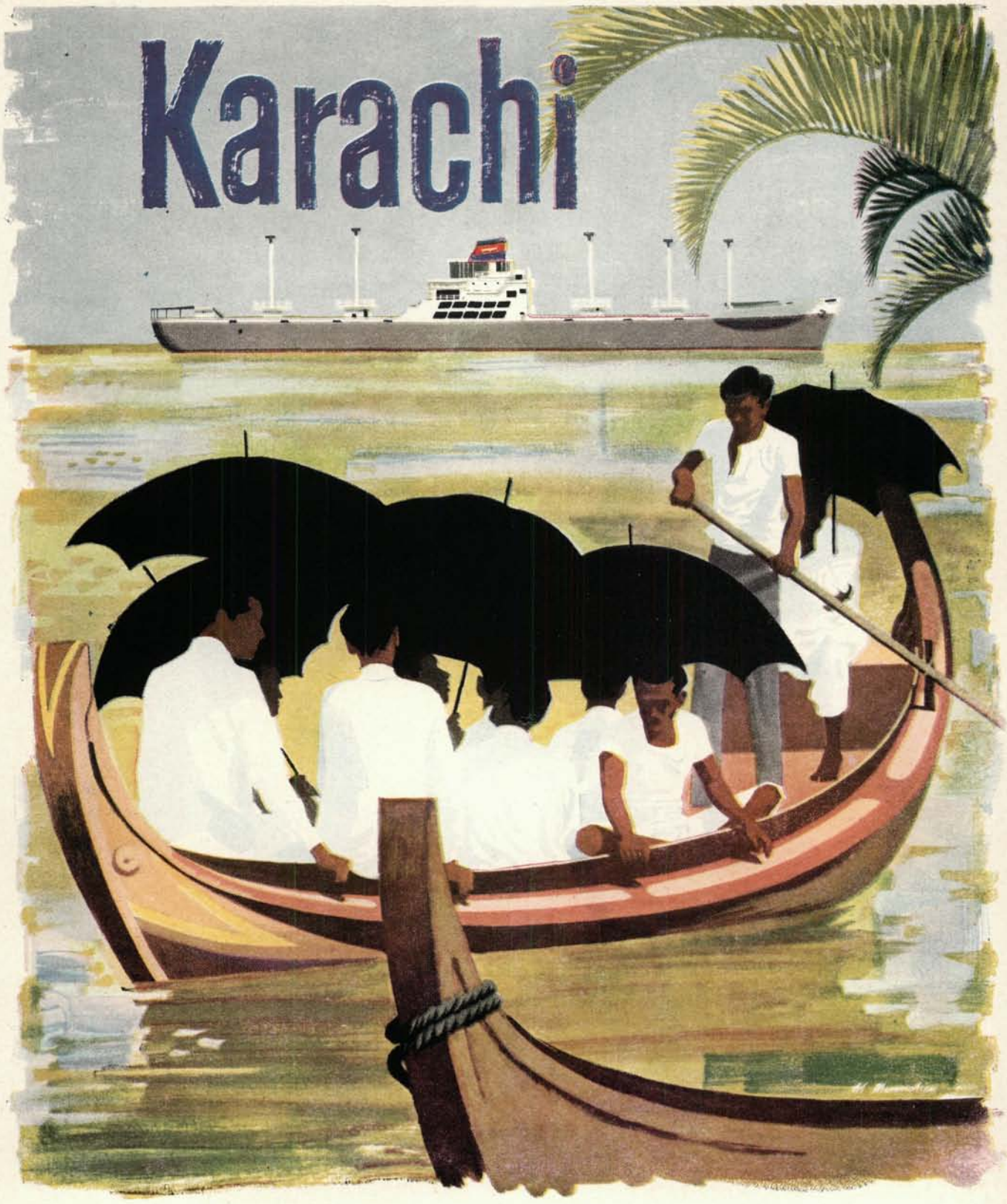

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And here are typical reactions from readers: New Orleans: "It almost literally opened a new world for me. I'm a sociologist and knew nothing about any of the physical sciences. Intelligible, exciting." . . . A New York reader praises the attractive format — adding "but I would read this kind of writing on wrapping paper."

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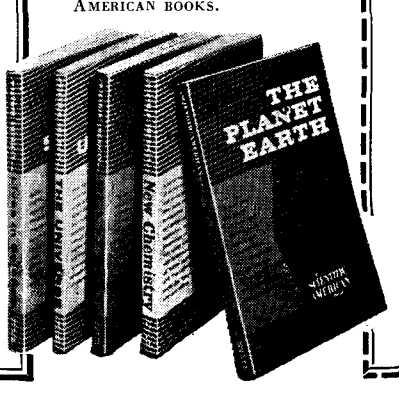
If you are not delighted with them, send them back and pay nothing. Otherwise we will bill you at only $6 plus a few cents postage. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. **106,** 630 Fifth Avenue. (Company and Institutional inquiries invited.)

*A partial list of the people who, according to the *Times*, are likely to enjoy SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS.



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(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large

I've been worrying about the behavior of books on book store shelves.

Publishers' Weekly, the esteemed book trade journal, recently ran an article on how the Doubleday Book Shops sell paperback books. After observing that the Pennsylvania Station shop had an especially busy paper book department, the article remarked that the New York shop at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue kept its paper books stacked "quietly" on the shelves.

The implication here was plain: the paper books at Penn Station were something other than quiet. I could imagine the Doubleday Anchor Books section with "The Organization Man" jostling "The Lonely Crowd"; Conrad's "Chance" and Melville's "Redburn" singing sea chanties; "An Approach to Modern Physics" busily splitting an atom; "The Origins of Psychoanalysis" talking away on a couch in the back of the store; while over in the Doubleday Image Books corner "The Greatest Bible Stories" was retelling an interesting episode from the New Testament.

Alarmed, I rushed to Penn Station, where I was relieved to find all of our books behaving decorously and quietly.

If you should ever notice any paper books in any Doubleday Book Shop acting in a rowdy or disorderly fashion, I hope you will inform the manager or let me know directly.

We expect our books to behave themselves in the stores and to confine their disturbances to the minds and hearts of their readers.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All of the books mentioned above are recent additions to the two series of paperbound books published by Doubleday & Company. Anchor Books, paper bound books for the permanent library of the serious reader, and Image Books, offering the best in Catholic literature in paper covers. For up-to-date lists of Anchor and Image titles write to L. L. Day, Room 1718, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Or see your own bookseller or any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offered well-behaved books, clerks—and customers.

The Saturday Review

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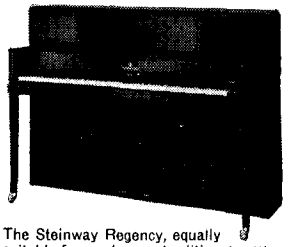

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TRADE Winds

SOME PEOPLE IN advertising are worried about the trend toward overspecialized jobs in that business. There's a current Madison Avenue story about a copywriter who was being interviewed for a job at an ad agency. He was asked if he had worked on cigarette accounts.

"Oh, yes."

"On king-size cigarettes?"

"Yes."

"King-size filters?"

"Yes."

"King-size cork-tip filters?"

"Yes."

"King-size cork-tip filters in a flip-top box?"

"Yes."

"Mentholated king-size cork-tip filters in a flip-top box?"

"No. Not mentholated."

"Well, I'm terribly sorry. We need an expert. Don't call us; we'll call you."

LAST WEEK Albert Rice Leventhal resigned as executive vice president of Simon and Schuster, one of the country's top publishing houses, and into a big job as executive head of the Artists and Writers Guild, a subsidiary of the huge Western Printing and Lithographing Company. The Guild creates, designs, and produces extensive lines of children's books, of which hundreds of millions have been sold. Leventhal will run this operation, as well as other Guild projects that include adult books, industrial publications, school textbooks, religious books, subscription sets, and so forth.

Meanwhile, back at the publishing house, they're calling 1956-57 the year that everything happened to Essandess. Late last year, Marshall Field, who had owned the firm since 1944, died. The executive heads of Essandess had before them a most advantageous option to buy the firm for 1 million dollars. While this was being considered, the company suffered a great blow in August when the talented Jack Goodman, vice president, editor, and director, died. By the end of September Max Schuster and Leon Shimkin, who alternate as board chairman and president, settled the issue. They raised the million and bought the company and control from the Field Estate. Max Schuster will become editor-in-chief. Richard Simon, who has been in ill health for some time, did not participate and decided to quit the firm that he and Schuster founded in 1924.

Leventhal, a close friend of Simon and—with Goodman—considered the sparkplug of the organization for years, could see the thirty-six-point Cheltenham boldface on the wall. When Western made him their fine offer he grabbed it.

There are rumblings in the Essandess offices. As usual, some less happy ones are threatening to "pull out and start our own publishing house." On the other hand, the strength and reputation of Simon and Schuster (always use the "and," never the ampersand) seem unassailable.

A FRIEND OF MINE has been stationed in Tokyo. He and his wife recently rented a lovely Japanese home there. When the weather turned cold, they lit a fire in the fireplace, but the chimney wouldn't draw, and they stumbled blindly through the smoky house, choking and gasping for air.

She sat down and wrote home to her parents in the States. It has them quite worried. The letter began:

"Dear Mummy and Daddy: My eyes

The Devil Shamed

By Sara Henderson Hay

THAT was the Sunday everybody was good.
Old enemies spoke kindly to one another,
Misers waxed generous, gossips thought no ill,
Thieves came out empty-handed from the till,
Prodigal sons telephoned home to mother,
Unfaithful husbands turned to rectitude,
Slatternly wives grew amiable and neat.
The Devil didn't know what to make of it.

By Monday, of course, things had begun to blur.
By Wednesday noon such usual custom reigned
That Beelzebub quite plausible explained
The crisis as a singular accident,
Deplorable; certainly impossible to prevent,
Not, in his lifetime, likely to re-occur.

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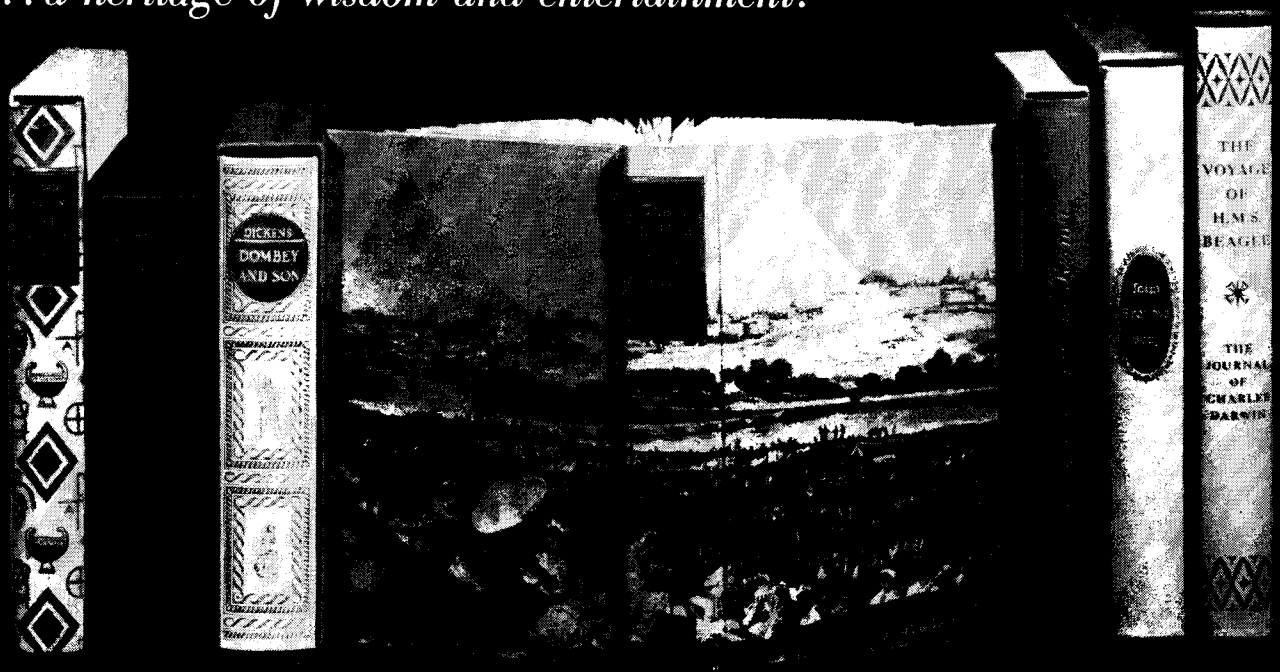

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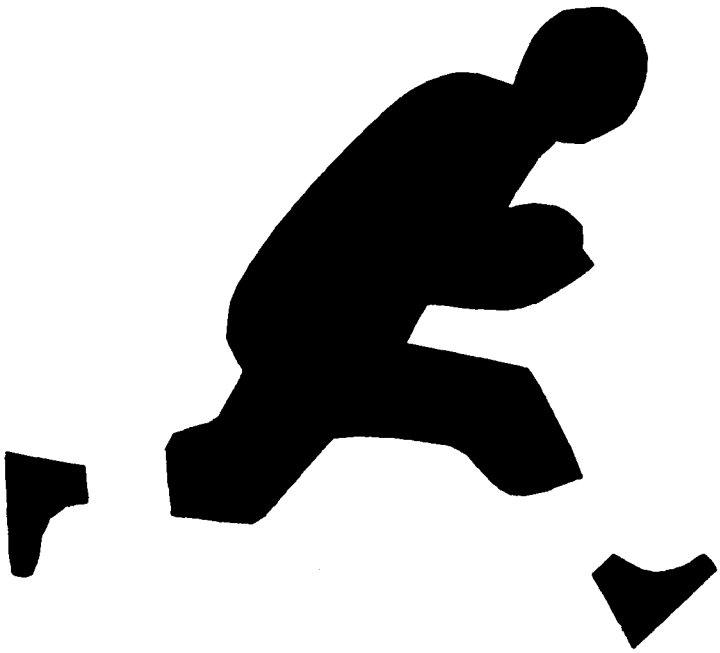

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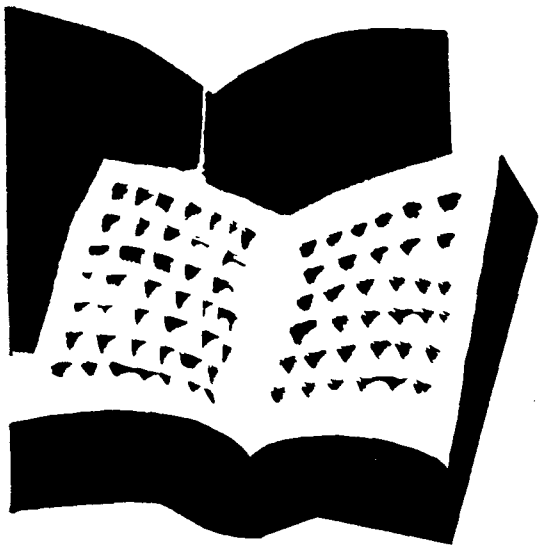

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are watering and I am sneezing and practically coughing to death. John and I are having a bout with the Asian flue . . ."

AFTER TEN YEARS of hard work Leslie A. Marchand has the satisfaction of seeing his three-volume biography of Lord Byron published. Byron was an irresistible fellow who would do, say, or write almost anything. As a result, biographers have always protected their readers from the frankly shocking aspects of the great poet's life. Professor Marchand's "Byron: A Biography" doesn't do that, and thus turns out to be a great story.

Some biographers have tried to prove that Byron was homosexual. Marchand shows that he had tendencies in that direction, but that his sex life was as much as any philanderer could hope for. He had about 200 mistresses, by his own count.

"I don't like the idea of just picking those things out to say about Byron," Marchand protests. "They are not important. What's important are his character, his satirical bent, his

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 748

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 748 will be found in the next issue.

GALFL KM MBCLGAKPH

DEBNG D ROBMLG

GADG CDSLM D

MSLOLGBP GLFFKEOT

FLMGOLMM.

XKOMBP CKWPLF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 747

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

—Byron.

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A breath-taking account of triumph and miracles... of man's dramatic conquest of pain, disease and death

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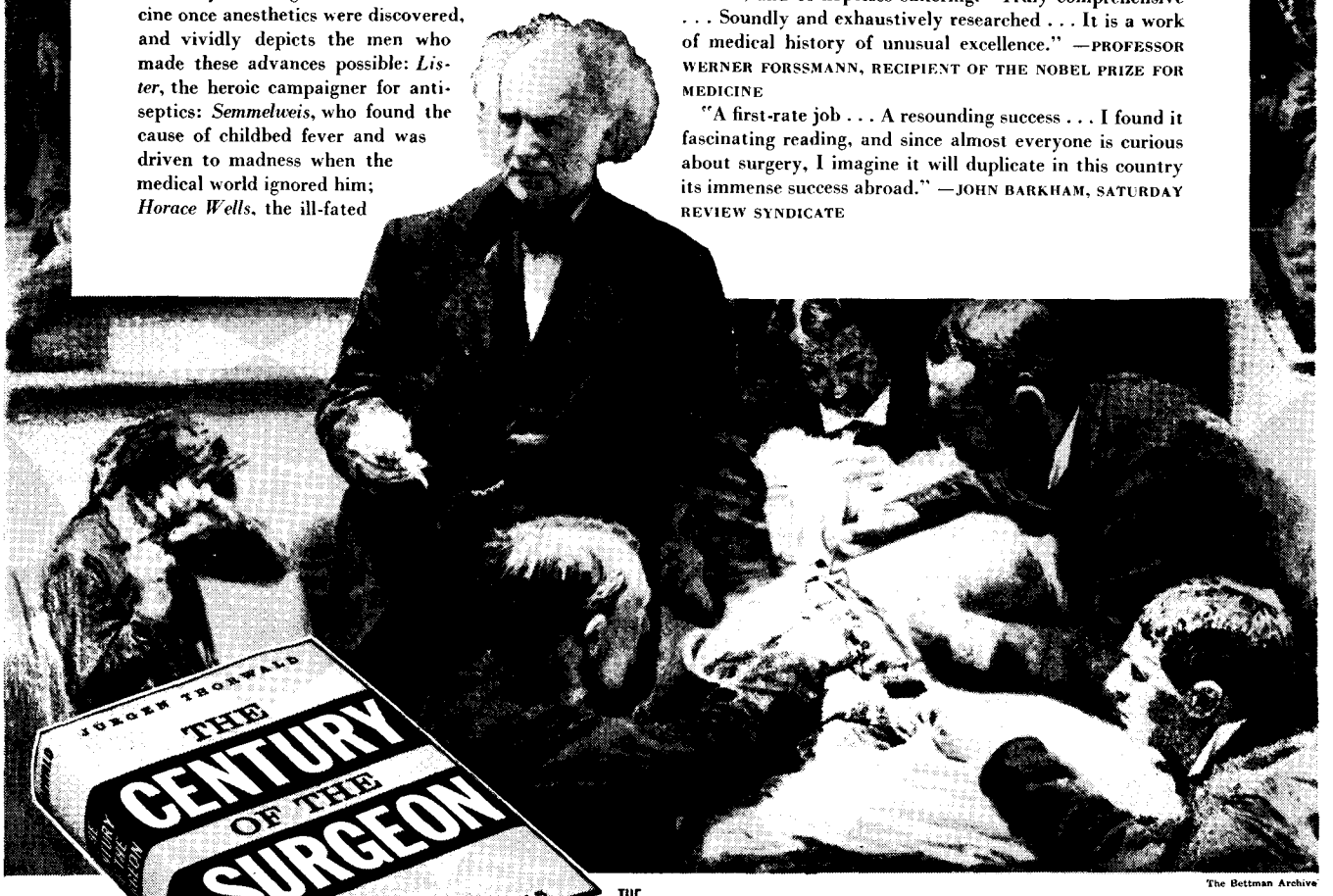
"A first-rate job . . . A resounding success . . . I found it fascinating reading, and since almost everyone is curious about surgery, I imagine it will duplicate in this country its immense success abroad." —JOHN BARKHAM, SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE



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By JÜRGEN THORWALD

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PANTHEON BOOKS

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AMANDA
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Author of **SPQR, Hôtel Talleyrand** and **Excelsior!**

"An Anglo-American novel in the best sense of the word . . . a most agreeable tale, full of bright conversation and diverting situations."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"The plot weaving is excellent, reminding one of Daphne DuMaurier's 'Rebecca'; the characters are vastly interesting and very much alive, and the conversation is some of the wisest and wittiest in a long time."—*Library Journal*

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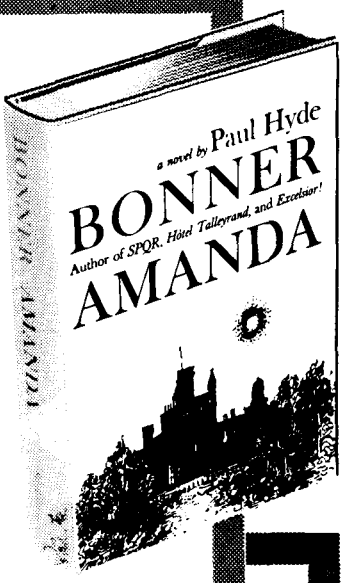

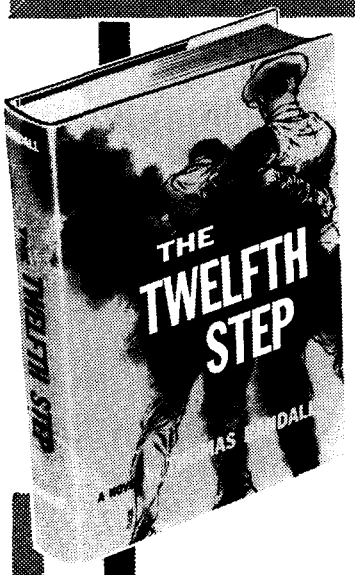

THE TWELFTH STEP
by Thomas Randall

Perhaps the most extraordinary novel ever written about people trapped by alcoholism. The powerful, unsparing story of six alcoholics—as different as six people can be—their meeting at a "drying out" hospital . . . their struggle to find themselves. Written by a member of Alcoholics Anonymous (under a pseudonym) *The Twelfth Step* tells a story that only a member could tell.

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THE WISE CHILDREN
by Christine Weston

A novel of contemporary New York by the author of **Indigo** and **The Dark Wood.**

There is something strange, hidden and untold, in the lives of the twin sisters Delia and Frances. It is their children, the wise children, who force the secret into the open. And it is the children who bring this novel to its sensational climax.

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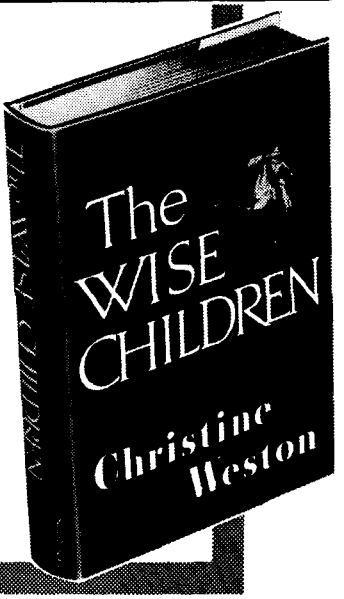

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

critical realism and his poetry, of course. He had a kind of 'desperate dignity' that made him face up to facts about himself and others. On the whole he was an admirable character. Some of his friends were devoted to him and all who knew him were fascinated by him. He didn't treat women badly. All his women loved him even after he'd left them. He was kind; he didn't like to hurt people. He wanted to be liked."

Marchand examined much newly acquired Byron material, here and abroad, mostly in the form of letters and diaries of the poet and his friends. He spent eight months in Europe following the trail of Byron's life from Aberdeen to Istanbul, including a lunch with the tenth Lord Byron. Marchand found that in Greece Byron is a hero, and many think he was a Greek. Almost every town has a Byron Street, and there are folk songs still sung exalting him as a hero of the Greek Revolution. Summing him up, Marchand says,

"Byron is sometimes outrageous, but he is never dull."

FROM "PARKINSON'S LAW," that funny book about business:

"People who understand high finance are of two kinds: those who

have vast fortunes of their own and those who have nothing at all."

"Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion. General recognition of this fact is shown in the proverbial phrase, 'It is the busiest man who has time to spare'."

"The defect in the intelligence test is that high marks are gained by those who subsequently prove to be practically illiterate."

On personnel selection: "To choose between 300 people, all well qualified and highly recommended, is not really possible. We are driven therefore to conclude that the mistake lies in the original advertisement. It has attracted too many applicants."

"A perfection of planned layout is achieved only by institutions on the point of collapse. During a period of exciting discovery or progress there is no time to plan the perfect headquarters. The time for that comes later, when all the important work has

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been done. Perfection, we know, is finality; and finality is death."

EDO McCULLOUGH has put together a slam-bang account of the place, called "Good Old Coney Island." It's a his-

tory of the resort, crammed with names, stories, excitement, and fun. McCullough's grandfather, Peter Tilyou, was one of the first three to set a permanent foot on the island. The author's uncle, George Tilyou, was a showman, and his father ran shooting galleries. Today McCullough's brothers and cousins are running the rides and games there. But Edo is a government contract auditor, and travels in and out of forty-eight states seeing that the terms of government contracts are complied with.

He's been doing that for twenty-three years, which is not quite as long as he's been collecting clippings and anecdotes about Coney Island, his first and big love.

"About 1938," he remembers, "I got serious and I started thinking about a book. I had to look up more names and dates, and I started writing a couple of years later. It took me seventeen years. I worked on weekends, or in the middle of the night. I was slow —I'm not a professional writer—and I was a perfectionist. I'd find myself getting up at 3 A. M. to write down one word, and I'd often write a sentence over three or four times. I don't know what I'm going to do now on my weekends. I'm beginning to collect stuff on World's Fairs, and maybe that'll keep me going for another seventeen years!"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1230)
JAMES THURBER:

THE WONDERFUL O

Isles with O in their names are few and invariably unlucky, such as the Isle of Lyonnesse which sank into the sea. Isles still standing, without a trace of O, are . . . Jersey, Guernsey, Elba, Malta, St. Helena . . .
"St. Helena and Elba were not too lucky for Napoleon," said Littlejack.

JEAN BULLENE LENDS AN ASSIST. *As a supervisor in the Garden Grove, Calif., telephone office, Jean conducts training and works with her group of operators.*

A Voice of Experience behind the "Voice with a Smile"

Day and night in your telephone central office there are courteous, efficient women like Jean Bullene to make sure your calls go through quickly and easily.

Know-how and team spirit make Jean (Mrs. Jack) Bullene well suited for her responsible job.

She helps train new operators and is ready with immediate answers to any questions that arise in connection with local and long distance calls.

She's a Voice of Experience behind the Voice with a Smile.

"I love this work," says Jean, "because I get a real feeling that I'm helping people in a very personal way. I know how important their telephone messages are and I'm proud to have a hand in keeping my neighbors in touch with family and friends here in Garden Grove and out of town."

Jean combines her telephone company work with a neighborly role in the life of her community. When she's not busy with music, gardening and remodeling her attractive home, she pitches in on Cub Scout work.

As you can well imagine, Jean never has time to be lonely. But on the subject of loneliness she has this to say:

"No one ever needs to be alone when there's a telephone handy. It's so easy to keep in touch with your neighbors or friends who are miles away."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

JEAN APPLIES WAR PAINT *to her son as Cub Scout den embarks on Indian lore project. She has also worked with the Girl Scouts.*

Working together to bring people together . . . ***BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM***

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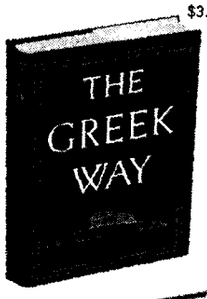

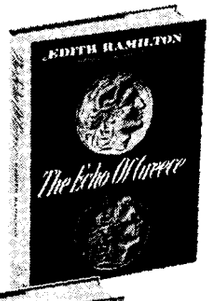

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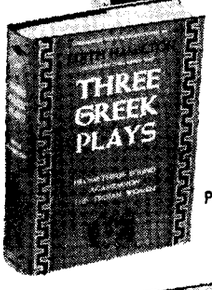

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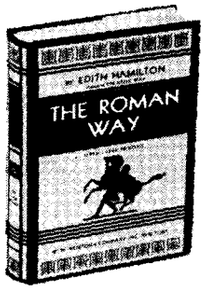

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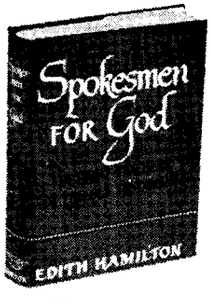

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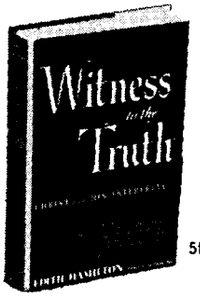

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Edith Hamilton in Athens

"In any era EDITH HAMILTON would be exceptional—in ours she is unique."

—JOHN MASON BROWN

To this gifted writer of books on Greece and Rome, the Old Testament prophets, and Christianity came a great honor. Last summer, in the ancient amphitheatre of Herodes Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis, Edith Hamilton at the age of 90 was made an honorary citizen of Athens, and was guest of honor at a performance of the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, in her translation. It was a fitting tribute to "the great American classicist whose books," as *Life* magazine observed, "brought the glories of ancient Greek civilization to countless English-speaking readers."

In acknowledging the honor which the Athenians paid her, Edith Hamilton spoke of "the greatest spirit that moves in humanity, the spirit that makes men free." This spirit pervades all of her books — and gives them their priceless value.

Announcement: Miss Hamilton will appear on the NBC Educational and Television program ARTS AND THE GODS coming from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York on Wednesday, October 30, 6:00-6:30 EST. Miss Hamilton will also appear later in the season with Martin Agronsky on the NBC-TV program LOOK HERE.

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY *"Books that Live"* NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

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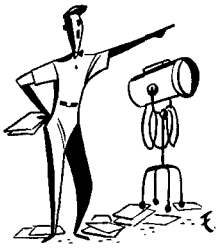
The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 26, 1957



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE RADIO COMMENTATOR

By QUINCY HOWE

LESS than twenty years have passed since the conjunction of the radio industry and the Second World War brought the news analyst, or commentator, into sudden being. Now the conjunction of television, peace, and prosperity threatens him with gradual extinction.

Some news analysts, it is true, still remain in business at their old stands, but none who has dropped out has been replaced by a postwar product. Television has produced newscasters, interviewers, masters of ceremonies, and assorted experts, but no new name, face, or voice has appeared in the field of network news analysis. What happened?

In the 1920s Graham MacNamee and Floyd Gibbons pioneered the field of reporting news events by radio. Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter pioneered the field of newscasting; by the mid-1930s their names had become household words. And then came World War II, offering new challenges to a medium which rose to the occasion with a new kind of expert: the journalist who had learned to talk, the lecturer who had learned to write, the broadcaster who had learned to read—something more, that is, than the script before him.

H. V. Kaltenborn, Elmer Davis, and Raymond Swing—the first three radio news analysts to win and hold national reputations—all possessed the rare blend of talent, character, and experience that their new calling demanded. In 1899, before he had entered Harvard or come of age, Kaltenborn was already working for a newspaper. After graduation from Harvard he served as an American exchange professor in Germany and as tutor to young Vincent Astor on a round-the-world tour. Then began a twenty-year stint with the *Brooklyn Eagle* as reporter, editorial writer, associate editor, and drama critic. Kaltenborn made frequent trips to Europe, built up a wide following as a lecturer on current events, and in 1922 delivered his first news broadcast. In 1929 the Columbia Broadcasting System set him up as the first news analyst in the business. Nine years later his round-the-clock coverage of the Munich crisis made him a national reputation.

Elmer Davis's proficiency in the classics helped him win a Rhodes scholarship at Queens College, Oxford, in 1911. He had already taught school for a year in his native Indiana. After returning to the United States he served as a staff member of *The New York Times*. But from the mid-1920s until the eve of the war in Europe Elmer Davis spent most of his time writing short stories, essays, and humorous novels—"Friends of Mr. Sweeney," "I'll Show You The Town," and "White Pants Willie" among them. At national conventions and at occasional seasons of other years he also assumed, in *The New York Times*, the character of Geoffrey G. Gloom, the Indiana Democrat. In 1939 he became a full-time news analyst for CBS, where he performed with such distinction that his journalistic colleagues persuaded the Administration to put him in charge, in 1942, of its newly created Office of War Information.

Raymond Swing got his first news-

QUINCY HOWE'S *flat, Yankee tones constitute one of the most familiar voices in America. In part of this article, which is the elaboration of remarks he recently delivered in Boston to the Association for Education in Journalism, he gives us his own commentator-biography. At present he has a daily (and Sunday) broadcast on ABC and is serving as president of the Association of Radio-Television News Analysts. He also is a prolific author; his latest work is the monumental "A World History of Our Times."*

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FURTHER READING: *Mr. Howe suggests that readers may care to look into these six books for more discussion of the issues he raises:*

THE GREAT AUDIENCE (1950) and **THE PUBLIC ARTS (1956).** *By Gilbert Seldes. Viking.* $3.75; *Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. One of America's most experienced culture-philosophers discusses the achievements and dangers of the mass media.

RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY (1952). *By Eric Goldman. Knopf.* $5. An attempt to put America's postwar problems into historical perspective.

THE ORGANIZATION MAN (1956). *By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon & Schuster.* $5. An anatomy of conformity.

THE REVOLT OF THE MODERATES (1956). *By Samuel Lubell. Harper.* $3.75. The liberals have won most of their victories, but now what? And where are the younger men?

THE END TO INNOCENCE (1955). *By Leslie Fiedler. Beacon.* $1.25. A discussion of the American liberals' feeling of "drowning in complexity."

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE and **TWO MINUTES TILL MIDNIGHT (1955).** *By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill.* $2.75 each. Our saltiest and most intellectual commentator in excerpts of and emendations to his broadcasts.

---

paper job in Cleveland in 1906. Seven years later he was Berlin correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, remaining in Germany until 1917 and returning, in 1919, for the *New York Herald*. During the war he conveyed an important secret message from Lloyd George to the German Government. After the war he made Europe his news beat until 1936, when he returned to New York as correspondent for the *London News Chronicle*. Swing first won fame on the radio reporting on the United States for the British Broadcasting Corporation. In 1935 he wrote "Forerunners of American Fascism." He appeared for a year on the "American School of the Air," over CBS. In 1939 he went over to Mutual.

THESE biographical items serve as reminders that three of the first men to establish wide and firm audiences for themselves as wartime American commentators had roots abroad as well as at home, and interests that ranged beyond the news of the day. Swing composed music as well as books. His first wife was a Frenchwoman. Kaltenborn married a German baroness. Elmer Davis was as much a man of letters as a journalist. But all three had come rapidly to the top as newspapermen. All had likewise gone beyond daily journalism to more lasting literary and artistic pursuits. All had savored the taste of Europe, as it used to be before the First World War. And they had seen enough of the twentieth century to be able to view the events of the 1920s and 1930s in perspective.

Two other wartime commentators, who made names for themselves shortly after Kaltenborn, Swing, and Davis made theirs, first saw the light of day just after the turn of the century. On graduation from Coe College, Iowa, in 1925 William L. Shirer went to Europe, where he landed a job with the Paris bureau of the *Chicago Tribune*. And at the same time John W. Vandercook, who had spent a single year at Yale, was turning from newspaper work to exploration and authorship. For the next fifteen years Shirer devoted himself to foreign correspondence, living in France, Germany, and Austria and visiting India, from which he returned deeply impressed, like many others before and since, by Mahatma Gandhi. But Shirer's interests, like Elmer Davis's and Raymond Swing's, always extended beyond the daily journalism at which he made his living. He experimented as a novelist and playwright. He spent as much time with authors as with politicians. He belonged to the Lost Generation, which had come through the First World War only to find a Second already on its way.

But it was not until this war came that Shirer, covering Germany for CBS, and Vandercook, commenting on world news from NBC's New York headquarters, found themselves caught up in the same kind of fame that had already come to Kaltenborn, Davis, and Swing. Indeed, it was not as a radio commentator but as the author of "Berlin Diary" that Shirer first won the popular recognition that his radio broadcasts later enhanced.

America's outstanding wartime commentator did not graduate from college until 1930 and had never worked in any medium except radio. In 1932 Edward R. Murrow began visiting Europe, first as president of the National Student Federation, later as assistant director of the Carnegie Corporation's Institute of International Education. In 1935 he was appointed head of the Columbia Broadcasting System's department of talks and education; in 1938 he again returned to Europe as chief correspondent for CBS. During the 1940 Blitz his London broadcasts seized the interest of American listeners. His coverage of other wartime stories held that interest, as he proved himself not only a great reporter, but a sensitive interpreter of world news. In 1945 his colleagues did him an honor no radio commentator ever won before, when they elected him president of the American Correspondents Association of London. By this time Murrow had gathered, organized, and developed an outstanding team of young war correspondents: Eric Sevareid, Howard K. Smith, Charles Collingwood, Larry Leseuer, Bill Downs, Richard C. Hottelet. These men belonged to a later generation than Shirer and Vandercook. Most of them had done some newspaper work. All of them knew Europe as well as the United States. And all of them who first made names for themselves with Murrow in Europe during the war continued to function in postwar radio and television, at home and abroad.

In addition to developing the outstanding wartime radio news staff, CBS also developed the bulk of the commentators who, during the war or afterward, transferred their talents to other networks: H. V. Kaltenborn, Elmer Davis, Raymond Swing, John Daly, Chet Huntley, Bill Henry, Cecil Brown, Edward P. Morgan, Joseph C. Harsch. All these men received their basic radio news training at CBS. It is a record no other network can duplicate or even approach.

IN ONE respect at least, the radio and television industries have developed along familiar American lines. The same trend toward bigness and concentrated control that has become so marked in the automobile industry operates in radio and television as well. Network broadcasting on both radio and television can absorb certain costs, both of production and transmission, that individual stations cannot bear. These costs are far greater in television than in radio, but even before the postwar, mushroom growth of television, the government had ordered the National Broadcasting Company to divest itself of one of the two radio networks—the Red and the Blue—it then owned. The Blue Network became the American Broadcasting Company, but the radio interests that acquired it could not meet the skyrocketing costs of postwar television, and Paramount Theatres Corporation purchased control. This made the American Broadcasting Company, in effect, a subsidiary of a chain of motion-picture houses, just as the National Broadcasting Company had always been a subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America.

The Columbia Broadcasting System, on the other hand, came into being and continued to exist as an

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Murrow.

Davis.

Trout.

Hill.

independent corporation which sought to make profits from broadcasting only. William S. Paley, whose well-to-do father set him up in the business, retained control and gradually expanded his operation and his holdings. CBS sold stock to the general public, but the Paley family always held a controlling interest. It likewise so happened that William S. Paley himself possessed a social conscience as well as business ability and a keen interest in news, education, and public affairs as well as in entertainment and the popular arts. He regarded the news department at CBS as something more than a means of fulfilling certain minimum obligations to the FCC. He saw it as a source of pride, prestige, and perhaps eventual profit. Even before the Munich crisis he had hired Edward Klauber, one of the top executives of *The New York Times*, to set up a comparable news-gathering organization in the radio field. Whatever superiority the CBS news department may still enjoy over the news departments of NBC and ABC goes back to the head-start it gained during those prewar years.

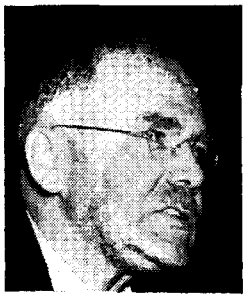
Since then the rapid growth of television, some of it at the expense of radio, and changes in public taste, some of them engineered by the industries that cater to that taste, have brought radio and television news commentary to a state of uniform confusion. In the case of television news, production costs far exceed what any sponsor can pay for the audience such programs attract. In the case of commentary, fifteen minutes of a radio news analyst plus a camera add up to something less than television—and it has taken a dozen years for some television news presentations to find a place for even a few minutes of straight commentary. But local radio stations, including those that carry network programs, can still find audiences and sponsors for news, sports, and music all around the clock. There are also many hours of the day when network radio news can still find audiences and sponsors.

THE news analyst, however, faces two handicaps. First, if he is worth his salt and goes in for controversy most local sponsors and stations will have none of him. Second, the news analyst who is worth his salt will not voice his own commercial.

Few postwar commentators, I must add, have had to grapple with the temptation to read their own commercials, for the simple reason that few sponsors wanted them on any terms. The news itself had lost its wartime urgency and flowed less abundantly. And there was an oversupply of wartime and prewar commentators to cope with it. John Daly, who had begun covering Roosevelt in 1936, came to the 1948 conventions and campaign with a background that no newcomer possessed. Radio's Bob Trout, who has earned for himself the title of "Mr. Convention" over the years, still covers those political rituals in the medium which made him famous, imparting a sense of continuity to the proceedings. And when war suddenly broke out in Korea Edward R. Murrow—who had reported the Battle of Britain from the housetops of London and the bombing of Berlin from the belly of an American bomber—reported the Korean War from the cockpits of American jets. The familiar and trusted figures of Murrow and Davis again exerted powerful influences at the height of the McCarthy madness. Night after night on radio Davis waged a tireless war of words on the Wisconsin Senator. Murrow delivered his most effective attack by way of television. But no new Murrows, Davises, or Dalys have come to the fore during the postwar years, with the single exception of Walter Cronkite, who came to CBS television news with long newspaper experience plus a rare natural talent for the new medium. And though Murrow has kept up his program of radio commentary, he owes most of his present prestige to television.

But why no younger men? For one thing, the new shape of the postwar world and the changing shape of the radio and television industries have narrowed the range of news analysis. Nor have the postwar years witnessed any such outpouring of intellectual, artistic, and literary creations as occurred during the first dozen years after the First World War. Criticism, scholarship, and the sciences have re-

(*Continued on page* 37)



Kaltenborn.

Swing.

Daly.

Vandercook.

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Recipe for Survival

"Strengthening the United Nations" *(Harpers. 276 pp. $4), is the Tenth Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, a research affiliate of the American Association for the United Nations. Our reviewer, Samuel S. Stratton, a former deputy secretary-general of the Far Eastern Commission, is now the mayor of the city of Schenectady, N. Y.*

By Samuel S. Stratton

FINDING fault with the United Nations has become a rather common pastime. As the years since San Francisco have slipped by and efforts at international cooperation have run increasingly afoul of the cold war, the critics have been quick to point out that the UN has not measured up to its advance billing.

At one extreme are those who would scrap the organization as an ineffectual international debating society. At the other are those who insist it must be transformed at once into an all-out world government. Both extremes have been unacceptable to the American people. Instead, there is general agreement that all is not well on the East River and that something should be done about it; but constructive proposals with a reasonable chance of surviving the organization's cumbersome amendment machinery are not easily come by.

Now on the eve of the United Nations' twelfth birthday it looks as though Professor Arthur N. Holcombe of Harvard, the chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of the Peace, together with his distinguished associates on that Commission, may have hit pay dirt. Their report offers some twenty-four relatively modest proposals which steer a delicate middle course between the high hopes that originally brought the UN into being and the practical realities that have impeded its subsequent growth. One need not entirely share the Commission's major premise that "there is no rational alternative to strengthening the United Nations" to agree that the UN should indeed be preserved and should be improved. "The challenge of our time," says Professor Holcombe in his foreword, "is to invest the United Nations with the capacity to operate more efficiently within the world as it is, and thereby to promote the creation of the world as it ought to be."

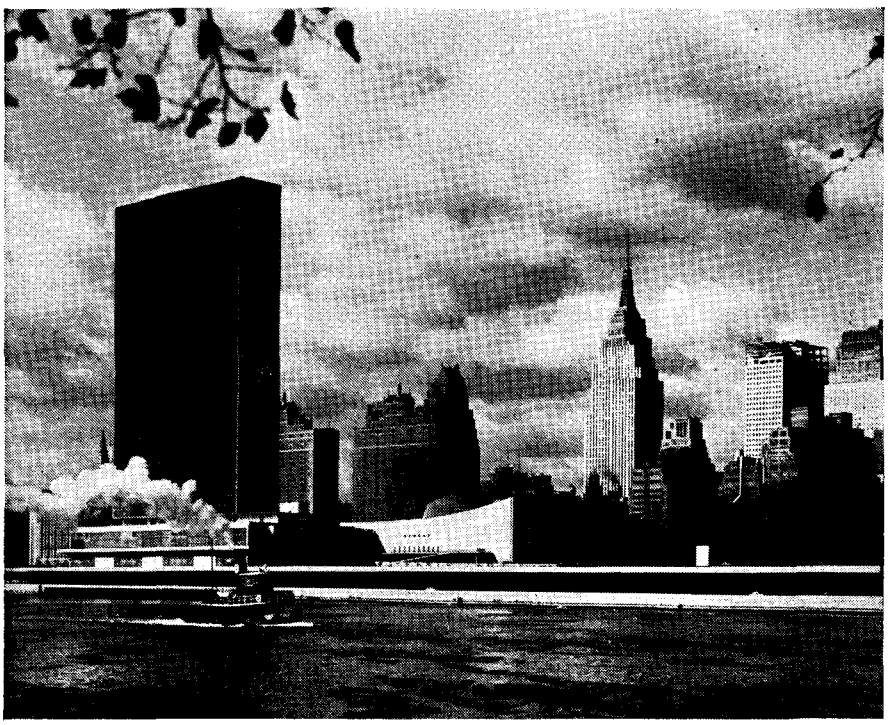
The Commission's recipes for the future involve a minimum of Charter amendments and place largest emphasis on changes in internal organizational procedure. They fall into three main types: 1.) those that would improve the organization's present operations; 2.) those that would expand its scope into uncharted waters; and 3.) those dealing with the crucial matters of disarmament and military force.

In the first group belong such suggestions as these familiar ones which appear in the newly published report: limiting the veto power; weighted voting in the now ascendant General Assembly; opportunities for closed-door negotiation to get around the temptation to use open sessions more for propaganda than for seeking agreement; extension of the organization's substantial investigative powers; elimination of the veto as it applies to new members (which could mean, though the report does not say so, the admission of Red China); and revitalizing and expanding the Security Council.

The second group, somewhat more bold, includes a recommendation for administering the Antarctic continent and exploiting its ample resources as a means of raising organizational revenue; controlling satellites and other vehicles in outer space (suddenly a timely matter); and a suggestion that international economic assistance programs be carried on by the UN instead of by individual states.

As far as weapons, which fall into the third group, are concerned, the Commission wisely skirts certain expressions of sentimental pacifism in its working committee paper and restricts itself to a call for continued disarmament talks and for the creation of a permanent 2,000-man UN emergency force like the one that landed in Egypt.

Not all these recommendations, of course, are equally sound nor are they likely to be received with equal enthusiasm either by the United States or by other member governments. It is scarcely realistic, for example, to expect Congress to go along with any scheme to admit Red China, to put America's economic largesse (weighted voting or no) under international control, or to renounce title to Little America. But, taken as a whole, the Commission's report is the most promising work on this vital subject that has appeared to date, and deserves sober study by all who share the quest for lasting peace. Whether or not all these recommendations ultimately see the light of day, this is the kind of gradual, step-by-step improvement that the UN needs.



—United Nations.

United Nations—"No rational alternative to strengthening the United Nations."

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After Potsdam

"The Price of Power," by Herbert Agar *(University of Chicago Press. 200 pp. $3.50), is a searching appraisal of America's political progress, both domestically and internationally, since World War II. Sidney Hyman of the* Washington Post *and author of "The American President," reviews it below.*

By Sidney Hyman

IN HIS recently published book entitled "The Price of Power," Herbert Agar lays bare the heart of American international and domestic politics. His concern is with America's performance since 1945 when our foreign affairs and parish politics became almost indistinguishable. The realities of this period, he says, are these: that "for the powerful there is no security"; that America must "carry the burden of civilization until the next barbarian revolt"; and that we shall live in "perpetual danger of defeat and annihilation." But in this new context, he asks, do the very elements which are the purchase price of our internal union—the elements of "obstruction, evasion, and well-nigh intolerable slowness"—threaten our performance in the long and fateful work ahead of us?

To give form and focus to this question, Mr. Agar reconstructs the salient episodes that affected our national life from the Yalta Conference to the end of President Eisenhower's first term. Superficially varied, the episodes he sets forth actually divide into two camps. On the one hand, they show a nation rising bravely and imaginatively to meet the realities of a challenging new world, whereas on the other hand, they reveal a nation reluctant to "face reality when reality becomes harsh."

Representative of the nation in its finest light, writes Mr. Agar, was the Marshall Plan, whose fate was decided not on the Senate floor but by the American people. "There has never been a better example," he writes, "of how public opinion, in a sprawling federal union, can inform itself and bring pressure to bear, once it has been aroused to make the effort of thinking." Nobler still was America's entry into the Korean War. "This painful war," Mr. Agar says, "which came to seem so useless to so many misled people, was accepted with open eyes, with no illusions, for a purpose that any famous nation in history would praise."

But what about the other side of the

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Agar—"there is no security."

nation's history since 1945? As Mr. Agar sees it, "we were too selfish" to pay the price of keeping our strength when the shooting war was over, "too emotional to take the long view of Germany and forgive her sensational crimes, and too innocent to understand that a war is not worth winning if its political purpose is sacrificed to military expediency." In consequence of this, our political leaders were rendered powerless to stay the Russian march into the vacuum created by the demobilization of American military strength. And worse still, the stage was set for the sickness of "McCarthyism" when it was at last discovered that the military "settlement" of World War II settled nothing.

Mr. Agar writes that a dangerous moment for American democracy occurred in 1948 when Republican leaders and many important citizens were angry and bewildered by their inexplicable defeat. The proud men who thought they belonged by nature in the seats of power and found themselves excluded once too often by an opponent for whom they had no respect, were prepared to feel vaguely and irrationally that "someone has been messing around with my America." The episodes involving Alger Hiss, Klaus Fuchs, the collapse of Chiang's China, the Russian A- and H-bombs, were all made to order for demagogues who could feed popular fears and then goad them.

In striking a balance between the two Americas he portrays, Mr. Agar writes: "We may boast that in the testing days since Potsdam the free world has not done badly." But any such boast, he adds, must be made in the shadow of two great fears: the bomb, and "the fact that in desperate times democracy is subject to the danger that evil men may seize power by persuading anxious, decent people that the times need not be bad after all, that the nation has simply been betrayed."

What can save us? Mr. Agar's answer: "An appeal to a long-neglected form of power—the power of thought." In his role as a gadfly bestirring thought, a somber Herbert Agar serves the nation well with his new book.

RED SEMANTICS: R. N. Carew Hunt's **"Guide to Communist Jargon"** (Macmillan, $3.25), explores the corruption of language which is one of the most disarming features of our machine age of mass semi-literacy. Though the followers of Lenin and Stalin did not introduce the practice of using words to mean their opposites, they have been among its most indefatigable practictioners. Year after year it has become more difficult for Communism to square its terrorist class dictatorship with egalitarian, socialist slogans.

The fact that the Budapest rebels did not hoist the slogans of Horst or Franz Josef, but rose in the name of the very socialist, democratic, and equalitarian slogans to which Communism has paid lip service makes the subject of Communist semantics relevant today. Today's Communist rhetoric has at least two aspects: on the one hand, Communists in power use these terms to glorify that power; on the other hand, dissenters in Eastern Europe attempt to restore words like "democracy," "socialism," "internationalism" to their original meanings.

Unfortunately, this second aspect finds scant exposition in Mr. Hunt's book. He is interested in showing what fifty Communist terms have meant in the works of the Kremlin orthodox. He takes the Stalinist pronouncements strictly in their own terms—an attitude that may have been useful in 1950, but is scarcely conclusive in the era of Gomulka, Nagy, and Djilas. His vision of Communism as a closed, monolithic system thus prevents him from doing justice to words and slogans which have masked conflict within the Communist movement.

Biased and incomplete as this work is, it might have tempted the general reader if it had been written in the breezy manner of such anti-socialist polemicists as John T. Flynn. Unfortunately the book is quite as tedious as the Communist jargon it purports to interpret.

—ANATOLE SHUB.

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—Drawing by Cobean, © 1947 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"I can lick any woman in the house!"

The Man In Her Life

"Women, and Sometimes Men," by Florida Scott-Maxwell *(Alfred A. Knopf. 207 pp. $3.50), the latest of a plethora of books on modern woman's place in the world, attempts to explore the author's thesis that inside of every woman exists a dual nature which is half feminine, half masculine. Our reviewer, Helen Beal Woodward, is the author of a collection of sketches of some lively American ladies of the past entitled "The Bold Women."*

By Helen Beal Woodward

THE waning of militant feminism, now that its victories are largely won, has brought forth a near-surfeit of literature advising or scolding or dissecting modern woman. We have had the whither-are-we-drifting books of Marynia Farnham and the atta-girl-but-*watch*-it writings of Ashley Montagu and the sensible how-to-be-a-woman handbooks of Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Among these authorities now, apparently, belongs Mrs. Florida Scott-Maxwell, the author of a new book entitled "Women, and Sometimes Men."

Not only is Mrs. Scott-Maxwell seventy-four years old and six times a grandmother but (we learn from the dust jacket and from the foreword of her book) she has recently retired after nearly twenty years of practice as an analytical psychologist in the school of Jung. She also writes like a psychologist over seventy, sweetly and wisely, but what she has written is quite different from the usual collection of case histories of womanhood. It is a philosophic inquiry into the status of woman today, this "half the human race, now rising into great prominence, undergoing a striking change, and warranting our most serious attention."

Wildly oversimplified, this is what Mrs. Scott-Maxwell *seems* to be saying:

The new thing happening to woman is that the masculine side of her dual nature is getting out of control. Summoned to cope with the new problems created by her independence, this "inner man" in woman begins, if not to dominate, then to create painful conflicts. The independent woman becomes formidable. The soft woman, who lives via her relationships with others, grows restless and resentful and vents her impotent rage on her husband and children. This is bad, says Mrs. Scott-Maxwell, but it is, she says, also good, for woman's latent masculinity or will has been so long repressed that perhaps only through experimenting with excess masculinity can woman arrive at balance.

Mrs. Scott-Maxwell's style has a gently ironic serenity laced with wit, like Santayana spiked with Jessamyn West, and, therefore, her present book often makes provocative reading:

- On the modern pace of women, she writes: "It almost seems that work has come to have a value that is unreal, and we take it as a drug, exciting and deadening. Women drive themselves when they are not driven by necessity, and everyone insists upon being exhausted."
- On woman's education she writes: "She is educated as though she were a man, with the hope that if she marries quickly her education will not have done her much harm, and if she does not marry she will need all she can get."
- On the behavior of women in professions, she writes: "Drained by conflicting claims" the very exhausting persistence of these women in their professions "shows what a strain women are willing to endure in order to live both sides of their nature."

Now, as Mrs. Scott-Maxwell herself might say, how good all this sounds! But generally the author is obscure about that "fascinating fellow," the man in our nature, and in her search for truth she retracts or qualifies every thought to such a degree that her conclusions appear to be constantly canceling out each other. Therefore, I must admit that, despite its demonstrable virtues, I found "Women, and Sometimes Men" an exasperating book, and my guess is that most women, despite its dust-jacket encomiums from Pearl Buck and from Anne Morrow Lindbergh and from President Sarah Gibson Blanding of Vassar, will suffer the same embarrassment as mine. If one heard the chapters read aloud over the radio one might well be charmed and stimulated (and in this connection it is interesting to note on the authority of the jacket that Mrs. Scott-Maxwell broadcasts for the B.B.C.). But on paper the sibylline quality confuses. What the lady is saying she is obviously saying with elegance and with brilliant side-effect. But what exactly is it?

HOW TO FIND A HUSBAND: Aboard the *Ile de France* en route to Europe, Rehna Cloete, who was then Miss Rehna Thatcher from Somerset, New Jersey, saw a sign which said "gymnasium" and proceeded to wander in. It was, of course, as she quickly discovered, the men's gymnasium, but this did not faze her because she was looking for men—in particular, a husband. Although she didn't find one in the gym, she did find several companions who were delighted to teach her boxing and judo and to buy her champagne. "There is no difficulty in making things happen," concludes Mrs. Cloete in recounting this some-

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what predatory adventure in her latest book, **"To Catch A Man"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75); "You merely go where things are happening." On this basis, Mrs. Cloete, who is also known as "Tiny" because she weighs only *eighty-seven-and-a-half pounds nude*, preferred sitting in the park to sightseeing when she got to France (except apparently for a visit to the Musée de Cluny to look at medieval chastity girdles). Although she still didn't find a husband, she came closer with an ex-Sorbonne student whom she had known back in Somerset and who offered to take her on as his mistress. In London, where she went next, she took a taxi to Tattersall's (thinking it was some kind of theatre) and there, looking at the horses, she finally found her man. He was—and is—British author Stuart Cloete. Their courtship, which takes up the remainder of "To Catch A Man," centered mainly around horticulture and animals, two of Mr. Cloete's passions. Although Mrs. Cloete's adventures and observations, as she has written them, have all the earmarks of being funny, they are unfortunately rather banal. One suspects this is due to her constant insistence on a wide-eyed approach to events (such as the first encounter with a French menu) which, for most readers at least, are trite to begin with.

—E. P. Monroe.

TO THE CASTLE BORN: She was born in a castle in Hungary in a cradle that had been washed with wine so that she should have a gay spirit. Her gold christening cup was set with a diamond from Cartier's and she wore white suede boots lined with ermine. Such were the beginnings of Marion Mill Preminger who went on, in time, to become an actress, the wife of Hollywood director-producer Otto Preminger (they are now divorced), a member of the International Set, one of the world's "Best-Dressed Women" and, now, author of an autobiography called **"All I Want Is Everything"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95). Mrs. Preminger is also, as her book blatantly states, "the most booked woman lecturer in the United States" and, as she puts it: "after his dog," the most faithful follower of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, whom she visits every year on his birthday at his African outpost hospital in Lambaréné. Of Dr. Schweitzer and his work, Mrs. Preminger tells relatively little that is not already known. Of her life in Hollywood, however, she has a great deal to say, particularly about her reputation as a hostess (she invented a sandwich consisting of two thick slices of ham with a thin slice of bread in between), her house (in which the telephones were perfumed), and her servant problem (one couple left because she and her husband had been mentioned in the gossip columns). Undoubtedly *this is the sort of thing Mrs. Preminger's* fans will enjoy although, to this reader, the best part of her book deals with her family and her early life in Hungary. —E. P. M.

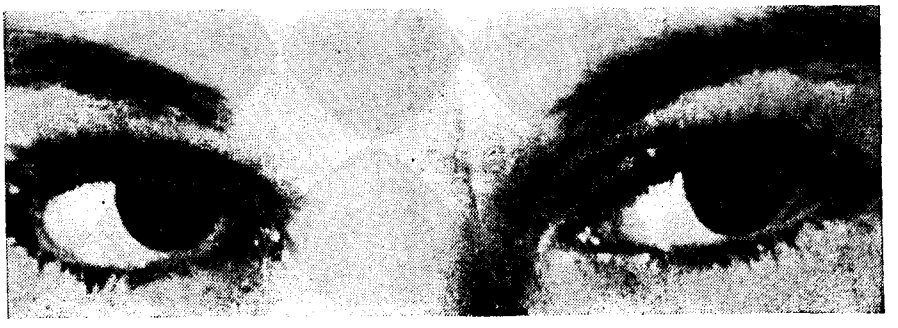
LOVE LETTERS TO NOBODY: "You are both real and imaginary. When a friend asked me to write to you, once a week, it amused me to picture you in my mind's eye . . . You were all women, one naive, another aggressive, a third mocking and humorous." So Frenchman André Maurois, biographer, novelist, and essayist, introduces his latest book, **"To An Unknown Lady"** (translated by John Buchanan Brown; Dutton, $2.75). The lady in question (a young woman whom Maurois once saw at a theatre and with whom, pronto, he fell in love though they never met) is then subjected to sixty-one short essays disguised as letters on a variety of such topics as: bringing up children ("they get a better upbringing at school than they do at home"), happiness ("happiness is no more than not having the slightest desire to change those whom we love"), coquetry ("coquetry is a two-edged sword and wounds whoever misuses it"), and the career woman ("all things considered, I think that she will give herself the greatest chance of happiness if she chooses a man whose career she is able and willing to share"). "No people on earth," comments the fly-leaf of M. Maurois's book, "are wiser in the ways of men and women—than the French."

This conclusion may be so and M. Maurois may be far and away the wisest of his compatriots. Nevertheless, wisdom which is continually expressed in the abstract, as it is in "To An Unknown Lady," tends to become oversimplified and monotonous. One cannot help feeling that M. Maurois's readers would enjoy his letters far more if he had spent his time writing to a lady who was a little less imaginary and a little more real. —E.P.M.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF M. DIOR: Proponents of the pet American myth that our celebrities are at heart simple people with simple desires will be delighted to find that it also applies to the French, or at least to one of them—French fashion designer Christian Dior who has written a book insisting that although he may do revolutionary things with his scissors, he is basically a simple fellow of stolid Norman stock (he was born Granville in Normandy, the son of a chemical and fertilizer manufacturer) who prefers the calm and peace of his country houses to the frenetic hurly-burly of his trade.

As if strongly to prove that he is something of a split personality, he has called his reminiscences **"Christian Dior and I"** (translated by Antonia Fraser; E. P. Dutton, $3.95). It is only one of his two personalities, so M. Dior would have us believe, that is the creator of such celebrated designs as "The New Look," "The H-Line," and, most recently, "The Arrow Line" as well as the proprietor of a business which has grown in ten years from one building on the Avenue Montaigne in Paris to five buildings and eight independent firms with sixteen subsidiaries spread over five continents. The second M. Dior is, according to autobiographer Christian Dior, a rather shy individual who consults fortune tellers, who dislikes crowds, and who was terrified at the prospect of his first visit to the United States to receive a fashion award for his achievements.

This is not to say that the first M. Dior does not enjoy designing dresses. He does, and on occasion he even becomes poetic about it. "I think of my work," he writes, "as ephemeral architecture glorifying the proportions of the female body." His aim, he says, is



Eyes of Marion Preminger—"telephones were perfumed."

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to create happiness. "Women have instinctively understood that I dream of making them not only more beautiful but also happier. That is why they have rewarded me with their patronage." As a result of this attitude on the part of at least the first M. Dior, the reader can settle back and enjoy a romp through the Maison Christian Dior and its sixteen subsidiaries. —E. P. M.

THE FAVORS OF NINON: "What extraordinary times these are," Louis XIV, who had an eye for the ladies, remarked to his courtiers, "when Ninon molds public opinion and directs the conscience of the King." The lady of whom Louis was speaking was Ninon de Lanclos, a courtesan who achieved a position of respect in seventeenth-century France even beyond that of the celebrated hetaerae of ancient Greece. The how and why of Ninon's success has now been duly recorded in a lively biography by Lillian Day entitled **"Ninon, A Courtesan of Quality"** (Doubleday, $4.50). According to Miss Day, Ninon had no illusions about the men who enjoyed her favors. She divided them into "payers," "martyrs," and "favorites." "The martyrs desired her in vain, and the favorites, who gave her pleasure, often gave her nothing else." If a favorite happened to possess a quality of mind that she enjoyed, she would promote him to her salon, to which came many of the luminaries of the *Grand Siècle*: de la Rochefoucauld, Condé, Molière, Madame de Maintenon, and the poet, Paul Scarron. When Ninon became older and less desirable, she realistically started a "School for Gallantry" whose purpose was to teach manners and the art of love to the sons of the aristocracy. A sample precept from

a daily lesson: "The bed is a field of battle where the victors often pay dearly." Although Miss Day has taken pains to be accurate in regard to this and other facets of Ninon's career, she tends too often to digress into the amorous social history of the period. The result is sometimes a sort of "Who Slept with Whom," which is interesting enough but not as interesting as Ninon herself. —E. P. M.

Lord Poet

"Byron: A Biography," by Leslie A. Marchand *(Alfred A. Knopf. 3 vols. 1264 pp. $20), attempts to present an objective life of the nineteenth-century poet whose character has been variously interpreted by past biographies as that of a monster or as that of an ill-used gentleman. Our reviewer is DeLancey Ferguson, retired professor of English at Brooklyn College.*

By DeLancey Ferguson

TO BE interesting, said Max Beerbohm, a man must be complex and elusive. Hence he thought Byron, Disraeli, and Rossetti the most interesting (though not necessarily the greatest) Englishmen of the nineteenth century. Byron himself jested about the partisan biographies he foresaw: "One will represent me as a sort of sublime misanthrope, with moments of kind feeling. . . . Another will portray me as a modern Don Juan; and a third . . . will, it is to be hoped, if only for opposition's sake, represent me as an amiable ill-used gentleman, more sinned against than sinning."

All these interpretations, and more, have been forthcoming from past biographers of Lord Byron. Tom Moore took the amiable-ill-used gentleman line, carefully purging the documents that suggested otherwise. Harriet Beecher Stowe took the monster-in-human-form line. Others tried to be objective; few succeeded. Still fewer of Byron's biographers went behind the printed texts to find what Byron and his friends really wrote. But that is what Leslie Marchand has done in his "Byron: A Biography."

Descendant of a tainted line (the number of first-cousin marriages in his pedigree was startling), Lord Byron was never disciplined, never in any formal sense educated. Yet he educated himself; he even disciplined himself in ways. All his life he indulged in temper tantrums, yet in crises he was calm while other people were panicking. He could pull rank like a newly-commissioned second lieutenant; he could be a gentleman, a grade-A cad, the wittiest poet who ever used English.

Among the merits of Mr. Marchand's study is its frankness in setting forth aspects of Byron's temperament which earlier students glossed over: the latent homosexuality, for instance, which explains some of the intense attachments, from Lord Clare at Harrow to the Greek page, Loukas, at Missolonghi. (The tendency remained latent; overt manifestations disgusted him. Yet a subconscious awareness of this element in his nature may have spurred him on in his heterosexual promiscuity.) More interesting, perhaps, is the analysis of Byron in society. "His assumed self-possession and his studied politeness and cynical pose was a mask to hide his lack of ease in an aristocratic society to which he had been a stranger most of his life. He braced himself to enter a drawing-room full of people, and was relaxed only when in conversation with a small group, chiefly with men." He always thought people were staring at his lame foot. Yet his capacity for friendship was limitless.

As far as possible in his biography Mr. Marchand lets the poet and his associates speak in their own words. There never lived a more articulate group than the people who surrounded Byron. They kept journals, they wrote voluminous letters, they seldom destroyed anything. The problem is to choose among a multitude of significant witnesses. A biographer with space to quote all relevant testimony may be wholly objective, but the moment he has to choose between two items personal judgment must guide the choice, as Mr. Marchand well knows. But his aim has been to be objective—never an easy task, and doubly hard with so vital and complex a subject as Byron. "My only thesis," he writes, "is that Byron was a human being, shaped by the strange combination of his inherited traits and his unnatural upbringing, but essentially likable. . . . Not . . . more inconsistent than most men and women —only more honest in acknowledging his inconsistencies. . . . Byron's greatest offense was his honesty in giving expression to what many feel but most suppress or refuse to acknowledge. It is always a characteristic of the kind of hypocrisy that Byron attacked to think that putting irregular conduct into words is more reprehensible than the acts themselves."

Mr. Marchand's aim has also been

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Byron—"greatest offense was his honesty."

"to evaluate my source materials, old and new, as if they were all new, and not to give undue weight to some letter or document merely because it has not been used before." Even so, however, he has not seen everything. The Lovelace archives, in particular, were closed to him. Hence for the crucial matter of Byron's relations with his wife and his half-sister he is dependent on what was printed by Lord Lovelace and by Ethel Mayne and André Maurois, the only outsiders to see the papers. Nevertheless, Mr. Marchand has found material elsewhere which supports the "Astarte" theory of incestuous relations between Byron and Augusta Leigh. (Certainly nothing in the character of either party makes such a relation unlikely. Marchand says of Augusta; "Amoral as a rabbit and silly as a goose, she was scarcely aware of abstract moral questions, though she was full of pious phrases and gave Bibles to her family and friends." Further confirmation is found in Augusta's meek submission to Lady Byron's moral bullying after the separation.)

It is Byron himself who makes these 1,200-odd pages continuously readable; his biographer's style is pedestrian. At its best it reaches the quality of the sketch of Augusta Leigh quoted above; at its worst it produces a sentence like this: "And yet she [Lady Blessington] recognized that he was unstinting in his praise of Shelley, the popular view of whom was far more censorious than that of Hunt." The usual minor errors are also present, but only one is queer enough to quote. Byron noted in 1814 that gossip identified him with his own Corsair. "Part of my travels," he wrote, "are supposed to have passed in piracy." By the transcriber or the proof-reader "piracy" has been converted into "privacy."

"History of Power"

"The Court and the Castle," by Rebecca West *(Yale University Press. 319 pp. $3.75), sets forth a series of intricate lectures which the author delivered at Yale on the subject of power politics as these are revealed in important Western literature.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THERE are certain very general, infinitely ramifying ideas which it is impossible to state adequately if they are stated directly. They must be stalked; and finally, if they are caught at all, they must be caught in a net whose fine mesh envelops an area as large as the implications of the quarry. This is the method which Rebecca West has chosen in "The Court and the Castle," a collection (presumably expanded) of the lectures which she has delivered at Yale University under the Terry Foundation. The subject of these lectures is one of "the problems of our times" which is also, so Miss West maintains, a problem of all time. You may call it the "history of politics" or "the history of power" —both of these as revealed in literature—or you may ultimately call it, as she does, "original sin."

Miss West begins with that inexhaustible topic, "the meaning of 'Hamlet,'" and she traces through literature down to Proust and Kafka the various statements and unsatisfactory solutions of this problem which she holds to be central in most of the great literature of the Western world. Her book is intricate and subtle.

From the very first page the paradoxes fall thick and fast. Like certain other contemporary critics she denies that Hamlet was "irresolute" but she also maintains what, so far as I know, no other contemporary critic ever has: namely, that he was a very wicked man who was intensely egoistic and sexually sick, that he was ruthlessly brutal in the murders he callously committed and that he was capable of sadistic delight.

But, though Hamlet had no private virtues he had one political or public virtue. Indifferent to the fate of individuals he was concerned for the stability of the state. He was a bad man but potentially a good king.

This, so Miss West says, is Shakespeare's most general statement of the problem which concerns him most deeply in all his great plays: Kings inevitably become wicked even if they were well-meaning to begin with. Only by wickedness can they maintain their position and if they surrender it they risk having it seized by another worse than they. "It is a cruel dilemma, in life and art," she writes. "Those who are the children of light are irresistibly drawn to assume a task which changes them to the companions of darkness." For Shakespeare (though not for us), writes Miss West, there is a kind of compensation in his Renaissance conviction that man is potentially a creature of infinite capacity. But Shakespeare never solves the dilemma. "He thought power so dangerous," Miss West writes, "that no man born of woman could exercise it without falling into sin, but at the same time he regarded with horror all attempts to take power away from the monarch who had been entrusted with it." If all power corrupts it is equally true that without power nothing is possible. Power is an indispensable evil.

When the novel succeeded poetic drama as the dominant form of literature, Miss West continues, the novel took over the same problem which it was equally (or perhaps more conspicuously) unable to solve in any satisfactory manner. In the eighteenth century, optimism tended to replace pessimism and a Fielding who draws so powerful a picture of the squalid horror of the human condition nevertheless cherished some kind of faith that, wicked as the world is, the virtues of human beings could transform and absolve it. But this was a delusion. The power of "the people," like the power of kings, is inescapably corrupting. Progress, though real superficially (in that we are better housed, fed, and cared for in sickness) is fundamentally unreal. We cannot write as well as Shakespeare or paint as well as Titian. And because we are also unable to think any better than

—Mark Gerson.

Rebecca West—"Christian pessimism."

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Aristotle or Aquinas we merely close our eyes to the unconquerable corruption of human nature.

The form assumed by power and therefore the symbol of it changes from time to time. For Shakespeare it was "kingship." The nineteenth century attempted to make it "the will of the people." In our own day (and as Kafka so persistently insists) the source and symbol of power is neither a king nor a parliament but a bureaucracy. Fundamentally nothing has changed. The bureaucrat, like the king, must do wicked deeds or he will be succeeded by another, even less scrupulous. The dilemma of the ruled, no less than that of the ruler, is similarly unchanged. "We are members of an imperfect society. When we cooperate with it, we are committed to imperfection, because we are all imperfect beings and cannot conceive a perfect thought or act."

A review cannot cast a net wide enough to capture more than a small part of an idea as elaborately developed as the idea which Miss West has here developed. Even less can it hope to make significant criticism or comment. But even so brief a summary as the present should be sufficient to suggest that the thesis developed is what is sometimes called Christian Pessimism even though the terms used are not specifically those of Christian theology. It should be added that even those who disagree most violently with Miss West's thesis will find her book enormously stimulating and full of arresting *obiter dicta* like these: "The theme of 'King Lear' is that paradox by which all men were created with a desire to be loved but not with the faculty to love"; and "Of all the people who are elderly today it is true that when they studied Shakespeare at school they were looking back at an age more barbarous than their own, and that when they read him in later life they were looking back at an age more civilized than their own, for though the Tudors were blood-stained they were not stained with as much blood as the modern dictators."

ORDEAL OF ANARCHY: The fifth and final volume of **"The Letters of William Gilmore Simms"** (University of South Carolina Press, $8.50) contains the novelist's correspondence from 1867 to 1870, as he struggled to write his way out of the poverty which the Civil War had brought him in South Carolina, and also a supplementary gathering of earlier letters discovered after the volumes in which chronologically they belong were printed. The editing of these five volumes by

(*Continued on page* 35)

FICTION

8:17 Revolutionary

"Leave Me Alone," by David Karp *(Alfred A. Knopf, 303 pp. $3.95), is a modern tale of a man named Arthur Douglas, who struggles with a job in a publishing house while at the same time fighting the battle of Suburbia.*

By Gerald Green

CRABGRASS and commuting have replaced slums and sweatshops as subjects for the ire of the angry young novelist; as lynchings diminish, library committees flourish in the new literature of protest. And when all is said and done, the protest is not really a protest but a complaint, a sputtering similar to the noise made by the prime sirloin blackening on the barbecue back of the split-level.

It is no fault of David Karp that his excellent novel, "Leave Me Alone," covers the same eighty-by-one-hundred-foot thickly wooded plot of other recent books. (The reviewer knows of two authors who are readying for publication works almost identical with Mr. Karp's: it seems to be a lush year for PTA vendettas.) Nor can any reader doubt Mr. Karp's honesty, or help but admire his literary vigor, his splendid talent as a story-teller, and his rather refreshing bitterness. What is disturbing is the way in which Mr. Karp's hero, nonconformist Arthur Douglas, decides that he has no choice, no choice at all, but to remain in stifling Suburbia. "Compromise is what makes life bearable," a wiser, older friend tells Douglas. The resolution is disturbing because it is true. The proletarian novelist could scream bloody murder and call for revolution; the contemporary novelist of protest can only get mad for the moment, then go back to the flagstone patio and the iced-tea

NOW IT'S THE INDIFFERENT GENERATION: The newest group to follow the Lost Generation and the more recent Beat Generation in pattern-conscious America is the Indifferent Generation, one of whose members is David Karp, author of the newly published novel of social protest entitled "Leave Me Alone" (*see review above*). Most of the Indifferent Generation were born in the decade between 1920 and 1930 (Mr. Karp is thirty-five) which means that they have fought in at least one war (for Mr. Karp it was three years Signal Corps duty in the Pacific). But they rapidly adjusted to civilian life upon their return to it and just as quickly removed themselves and their families to the greener grasses of Suburbia. Some other charter members of the I.G. judging from Mr. Karp's definition: The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit and The Organization Man, both of whom accept the safe paths of established business firms and prefer not to gamble with newer enterprises. (Karp himself, who lives with his wife and two small sons in New York's suburban Syosset, Long Island, has persisted in writing both soap operas and serious fiction—a fact which, he believes, sets him somewhat apart from his more indifferent compatriots.)

Probably Mr. Karp is as able as anybody to explain the position of the I.G. "The days for yelling are fairly well done," he says. "The Indifferent Generation is security-minded, cautious, and uncontroversial. We are gripped by a kind of ennui. We have become sophisticated, more cynical. During the Depression, solutions seemed simpler. Simple solutions no longer exist. We can't shout for war for fear of annihilation and peace doesn't seem easy. So, we settle for a cold war. In this period of moderate alternatives we keep our enthusiasms in check. We compromise."

It is this attempt to compromise with the best of both urban and rural worlds that has led to the Indifferent Generation's retreat to the suburbs. Once settled into split-level existence, Mr. Karp says, "compromise is essential. Whether it is to join the PTA or the library committee, one must submit to middle-class standards." "If one insists upon suburban advantages," Mr. Karp adds, "he must accept the standards of Suburbia, but understand that he is compromising."

"We are not crusaders," he insists, summing it all up as well as perhaps anybody can be expected to sum up the Indifferent Generation. "We get more excited about whether or not the Dodgers should leave Brooklyn than about any of the really important causes."

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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pitcher. Both the writer and his characters have it too good.

In a series of crisp, well-handled scenes, Mr. Karp presents us with Arthur Douglas's double dilemma. On the office level, he is one of several candidates for the top job in a publishing firm, a job now held by a crusty old inner-directed editor. On the home front, he is struggling under the burdens imposed on the suburban husband and father, the weightiest of which is the unwanted chairmanship of a library committee. This latter duty generates the most excitement in the book; McCarthyism rears its head in a tense and frighteningly realistic meeting, and the well-meaning Douglas finds himself alone, deserted by even the liberals. Temporarily ostracized by the community, he nevertheless decides to remain there as a kind of missionary to the gentiles.

In the course of the novel, Mr. Karp reels off a good many sharp opinions on the stock market, the East Fifties, the Roman Catholic Church, publishing houses, celebrities, and progressive education. A lesser writer would wear out his welcome with these intrusions; but Mr. Karp is always provocative and entertaining and the digressions do not harm the flow of narrative.

Only one device is disturbing. Mr. Karp prefaces his chapters (and concludes some) with lengthy quotes from a fictitious non-fiction work by a sociologist who is deeply disturbed by "the indifferent generation." These exercises in Riesmanship are well done, but Mr. Karp's book makes its points so thoroughly that no exegesis is needed. Besides, as Mr. Karp and Arthur Douglas are both ready to admit, there are worse fates than making the 8:17.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Karp—"refreshing bitterness."

Barbed Wire-Tapping

"The Prisoners of Combine D," by Len Giovannitti *(Holt. 541 pp. $4.95), is a novel about American flying officers imprisoned in Germany during World War II.*

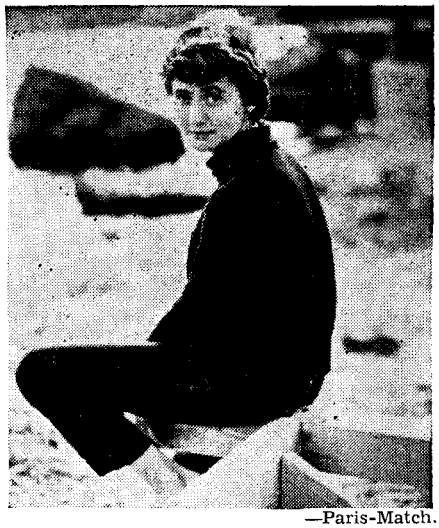
By David Dempsey

OUT of his experience as a P.O.W. in Germany, Len Giovannitti has written a long, detailed novel about the men who fought the war from behind barbed wire. But this is no "Andersonville," for Stalag Luft III was not such a camp and the German captors, until faced with defeat, proved to be more humane (at least in their treatment of American officers) than the Confederacy. As a result, Mr. Giovannitti's book has the ring of authenticity, written very much as though he had smuggled a tape recorder into his barracks, tuned in on the innumerable conversations of his fellow prisoners, and then edited out nearly all of the profanity.

It is the immediate collective personality of the group that comes through best, for Combine D is a maverick outfit which gives almost as much trouble to the American superiors in the camp as to the German captors. We meet Lawton, the affirmative tower of strength; the sensual Fernandez; Zuckerman, the lonely Jew; the well-adjusted Storch; the impressionable Bendel; and Kitchener, the intellectual. By force of circumstance, they submerge their differences for the sake of a common goal.

The enemies are tedium, homesickness, hunger, and the inflexibility of their own superior officers. The weapons: ingenuity and courage. How they survive is the author's story as well as the implicit theme of cooperative effort rather than sheer personal survival. If war can brutalize men, Mr. Giovannitti seems to say, so can it inspire their better selves.

One of the limitations of Mr. Giovannitti's tape-recorder method is that we know little about the six prisoners of Combine D except what they choose to tell us. Attention is focused on the day-to-day events of the camp, the constant preoccupation with the progress of the war (picked up on a clandestine radio), the personal rivalries, brutalities, thwarted escapes, and the final liberation. So, though his technique gives the novel a certain compelling quality, it less successfully provides the characters with the shadows which are needed in order to suggest past lives.



—Paris-Match.

Sagan—"It simply didn't matter."

Paris Cave-Dwellers

"Those Without Shadows," by Françoise Sagan *(translated by Frances Frenaye; E. P. Dutton. 125 pp. $2.95), the third novel by a widely-publicized young French authoress, explores the lives of a group of middle-class intellectuals in modern Paris.*

By Frances Keene

"NO HUMAN thing is of serious importance," wrote Plato in "The Republic." Now these words have become the theme of Françoise Sagan's latest novel, a story which may make less of a splash than the widely-publicized young Frenchwoman's earlier monologues in a mirror but which is also a more competent and more interesting job than are her earlier works. Miss Sagan's world is widening. But the fact that adolescent rebellion often ends in adult stultification is no surprise, and therefore it is no surprise that Miss Sagan, having trained her sights on the one, now swings them over on to the other.

This time she has chosen to illustrate the despair, the pointless pain, and the sporadic attempts at escape of a group of that numberless middle-class of cave-dwellers to be found in Paris. The Paris of Bernard and Béatrice, of Josée and Jacques, of the Maligrasse couple, Alain and Fanny, of the young country nephew, Edouard, and of the professional observer, Jolyet, is the urban league of childless intellectuals everywhere. They see each other, long for each other (though never at the same time), tumble with varying regularity into bed with each other, and get up in

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Gunsbach and London

THE village of Gunsbach is hardly large enough to earn a place on a detailed road map of the province of Alsace in France. It has a church, a few stores, and a handful of homes, all of them sturdy.

The most distinguished citizen of Gunsbach holds the same honor in the world. He is Albert Schweitzer and he lives in house number twelve on the edge of the village on the black-top road from Gunsbach to Colmar. Dr. Schweitzer returned to Gunsbach this past summer from his hospital at Lambarene, in French Equatorial Africa, for his first visit in two years.

The frightening pressure of work that consumed Dr. Schweitzer's time and energies at his African hospital had followed him to France. The bundles of mail at Lambarene had become bulging sacks at Gunsbach. There were also endless appointments and commitments. Despite all this, Dr. Schweitzer looked to me like a man glad to be home. Here, in the heart of Europe, he was close to the great libraries and universities and music centers that had been a vital part of his intellectual growth. In going to the African jungle, he had never lost touch with the cultural universe which had nurtured him and which served as the inspiration for his major work on the philosophy of civilization.

He had returned to Europe some dozen times during the forty years he had spent in the African jungle; each trip had been filled with excitement and intellectual wonder. His journey home this year, like all the others, was by surface transportation —slow boat around the big bulge of the African coast, through the Bay of Biscay to Bordeaux, and the rest of way by train. It is a long trip in a world of high-flying transport; and there is time and space for reflection and appreciation. He spares himself the catapulted feeling one has in putting down at an airport of a large European city after having left a remote part of Africa a matter of hours earlier. Traveling on sea and land, a man is able to retain his respect not only for distances but for the endless variety in the ways of human life.

Dr. Schweitzer had been in Gunsbach more than a week at the time of my visit. Accompanying me was Mrs. Clara Urquhart, a friend and associate of Dr. Schweitzer's who had interpreted for me at Lambarene earlier in the year. On my way back from Greece I had stopped off at Zurich to meet Mrs. Urquhart. We drove through the Swiss countryside to Basel and from there into the serene Vosges valley on the way to Gunsbach.

We were apprehensive because we had seen a newspaper report which said that Dr. Schweitzer was worn and ill and that it was doubtful that he would ever return to Lambarene. But the moment we entered the house, and saw him as he came down the stairs, we had all the reassurance we could wish for. His step was quick; his eyes were clear; his handshake was firm; his greeting was cheerful and warm. He seemed in excellent health. He escorted us directly to the dining room on the east end of the second floor where lunch was about to be served. As at Lambarene, the food was simple, tasty, plentiful. The doctor was in good form; he drew on an abundant supply of anecdotes about life at Lambarene, especially as it concerned the animals. His eyes twinkled and he joined heartily in the laughter that met his stories.

At the conclusion of lunch, Dr. Schweitzer said he was looking forward that afternoon to a visit to the church in the village and that he had a notion to play the organ. He invited us to go with him but felt he had to warn us that it might not be worth our time. He had not played on any organ anywhere for two years; he said we would have to listen at our own risk. Even under ordinary circumstances, he said, he felt obligated to tell his auditors that they must feel free to walk out.

THE church at Gunsbach is typical of the Lutheran-Reformed churches in the Alsatian provincial villages. It is large enough to meet the needs of the people from the surrounding area and yet small enough to retain intimacy. There is hardly a trace of ornateness or ornamentation.

The organ is situated on a small balcony in the back of the church. It is an old friend of Dr. Schweitzer's. He designed it many years ago and has perhaps played on it more than on any other organ. He lifted the wooden covering, started up the motor, surveyed the stops and quickly arranged his combinations, then without any preliminaries began to play a Bach toccata and fugue. Several months earlier, at his hospital in Lambarene, I had heard him play the same work on an old piano with an organ footboard attachment. The piano was out of tune and some of the notes were stuck, but I remember thinking at the time how the little bungalow suddenly seemed transformed by his playing into a magnificent cathedral and the old piano into a mighty console.

And now, in the old church in Gunsbach, Schweitzer was having his full reunion with Bach. His interpretation of Bach on the organ has always reflected the large part Bach played in his life. The royalties from his biography of Bach made it possible for him to build the jungle hospital at Lambarene. It would have been strange indeed if, here at Gunsbach, playing an organ for the first time in two years, he would have begun with a piece by any other composer.

Following the toccata, he played two Bach choral preludes, then a piece from Mendelssohn. When he was finished, he sat quietly for a minute or two, then closed the organ. The "concert" had lasted perhaps an hour. I was not unmindful of the fact that millions of music lovers throughout the world would have given a great

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deal to have shared the privileged experience of the small group of which I was one.

We walked back to the house at the edge of the village. Dr. Schweitzer led the way upstairs to his study. The walls along the steps were covered with pictures of church organs that Dr. Schweitzer had designed. There were also photographs of great composers and musicians. The study was simply furnished but the bookshelves and the tables were heavily burdened. Large packets of mail, opened and unopened, made massive inroads on any working desk space. African carvings or souvenirs of Lambarene were distributed throughout the room. Two dozen or more photographs from the jungle hospital took up most of the available wall space.

The doctor began the conversation by asking about President Eisenhower and expressing the hope that he would remain in good health. Then he inquired about the American position on the disarmament negotiations being held in London. I ventured the opinion that Governor Stassen was completely convinced of the danger of the present situation but that there was not too much support for his position, whether in Washington, London, or Paris. Meanwhile, Moscow was making propaganda capital out of the London meetings and thus was weakening the kind of atmosphere which was necessary for constructive negotiations.

Doctor Schweitzer said he shuddered when he thought of the implications of failure in the London arms talks. Not since the end of the war was it so imperative that some way be found to break the impasse among the major powers. What was at stake was not merely the prestige or interests of large nations but the safety of human life on earth.

He said great awareness was necessary by people everywhere of the peril involved in the present drift of the world. If somehow people could only be told of the dangers that now seemed to be coming together like large cloud masses, perhaps they might yet create the kind of world mandate that would result in the governments taking action that would produce control over armaments and, indeed, over the situations that might otherwise result in nuclear conflict.

He said he was heartsick over the present situation. Never in his life had he known such a feeling of apprehension as he did now. He wanted to believe that something would happen soon that would suddenly cause the clouds to disperse, but he could discern no signs that enough people had the awareness necessary to bring this about. Too many people seemed preoccupied with lesser things. Perhaps it was some failure in the human imagination that made it impossible to take in the reality of the present danger.

Dr. Schweitzer said he hoped the press of the world would make the London disarmament discussions its most prominent daily story until public opinion became alive to the consequence of any failure. He hoped, too, that issues such as radioactive fallout would be given the prominence they deserved. For without information there could be no debate and without great debate it was unilkely that large and essential changes in the direction of world sanity might come about.

IT WOULD be a mistake, he said, to underestimate the importance of the press. In fact, it was doubtful that any issue of magnitude in the modern world could be met unless the organs of information and opinion, whether the printed word or radio or television, would lead the way in furnishing the facts on which intelligent opinion depended. That was why, he added, he could only hope that the press would give the London disarmament talks the urgent attention they required.

How did Dr. Schweitzer react to the way the press handled his Declaration of Conscience on the subject of nuclear testing?

Dr. Schweitzer said he hadn't seen enough of the world press to be able to say. One thing that was certain was that the issue was now dying down and people seemed to be adjusting themselves to the crisis. This in itself was a danger; it was becoming all too easy in today's world to tolerate the intolerable.

I had brought with me a large briefcase filled with letters *The Saturday Review* had received in response to his Declaration. He had addressed his appeal to individuals. Individuals by the thousands had responded. There were letters from clergymen, educators, students, businessmen, doctors, mayors, factory workers, housewives, artists, labor leaders—almost every field of human activity was represented—all of whom accepted the challenge defined by Dr. Schweitzer to become informed, articulate, active. Dr. Schweitzer had said in his Declaration that an organized movement was not necessary and that public opinion "worked by just being there." Public opinion was now at work in response to what he had written. I said he had every reason to feel that what he had done had resulted in awakening a wide and constructive concern.

He was deeply interested in and touched by these letters. He himself had received a large mail similar in nature from all over the world. But he did not feel that what he had done was anything significant, certainly not when seen alongside the existing and growing need.

It was most unfortunate, he indicated, that the question of stopping the nuclear tests should be viewed so widely in the context of the power struggle, of advantage and disadvantage, of thrust and counter-thrust, when the big need was to prevent all peoples from being hurt. He did not want to get into a debate with those who advocated the continuation of the tests, but he was mindful, just the same, that no one took the position that unlimited testing would do no harm. The big difference of opinion concerned the effects of tests already held. But the main question was what would happen as the result of indefinite and unlimited testing. And before long other nations would insist on their right to test their new nuclear weapons, too. The world was now missing an opportunity to set up the controls and safeguards before the ownership of nuclear weapons became so general that any widespread, foolproof control would be impossible.

In any case, there was little time to lose.

Madame Emmy Martin, his assistant and house manager at Gunsbach, came in to announce that dinner was ready. There were also some visitors from America downstairs who happened to pass by and wanted to say hello to the doctor.

Dr. Schweitzer went downstairs after telling Madame Martin to start dinner without him. It was almost half an hour before he came back upstairs. He said very little; but at the end of the meal he apparently realized that his sombre mood had affected the spirits of those at the table, and he began some animated conversation. Within a few minutes, there was good cheer and laughter. He had more stories to tell—some of them in the nature of parables, others with sudden philosophical twists, and, of course, a few more anecdotes about the animals at Lambarene.

We left Gunsbach the next morning. On the way back to Zurich we bought some newspapers and saw a small item to the effect that the London disarmament talks would probably end within a few days without any agreement. What was happening in London reflected the conflicting strategies in the capitals and chancelleries of the world; but the kind of human spirit I had just seen in a small village called Gunsbach was still the big hope of the earth's people.

—N. C.

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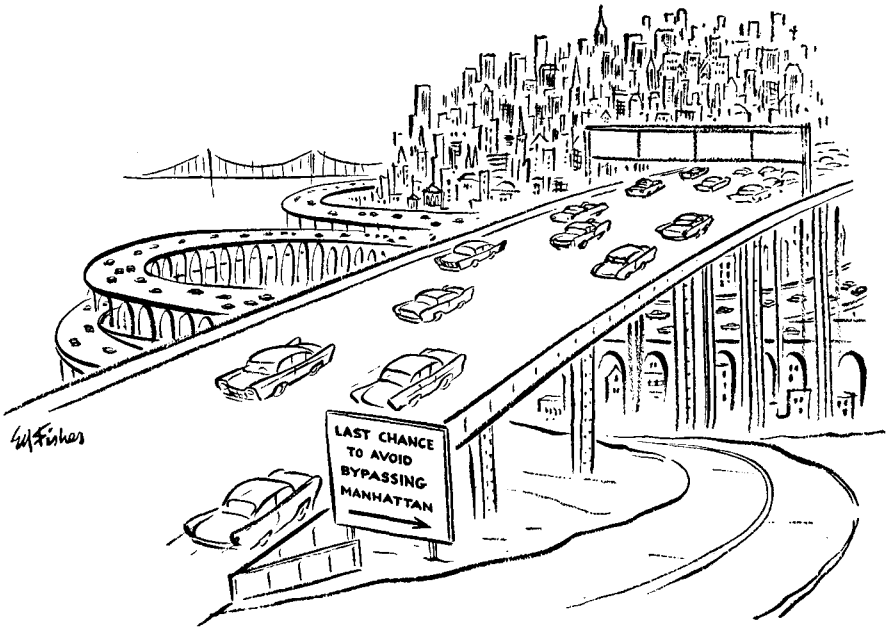
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISEASES OF ADOLESCENCE

ISN'T THE MALE animal *ever* going to learn that more and more space, bigger and better weapons of whatever sort, aren't really going to solve any problems of human relations? Arthur C. Clarke, in "The Morality of Space" (*SR* Oct. 5), asserts that the necessity of coping with the elements of space in order to survive will preclude men from fighting each other, when he has already admitted that the problems of obtaining national supremacy in space are being discussed. The early Elizabethan navigators who opened up the world as Clarke puts it did it much less from a sense of wonder than a sense of grab. So long as it is felt that "to restore a sense of wonder to the world" can only be done by grabbing more and more physical space it looks as if "humanity will succumb to the diseases of its adolescence."

EVE TILTON.

Kent, O.



MIRACLE DRUG

ARTHUR CLARKE is possibly over-optimistic in failing to weigh the effect of the heavy hand of the politician on the make-up of the exploring and, particularly, the colonizing parties. But whether directed by scientist or commissar, there can be little question that his remedy is the specific miracle drug for at least the temporary remission of many of our ills.

RAYMOND D. SMITH.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

LORD RUSSELL'S "TRIAL"

BRAND BLANSHARD in his appreciative review of Lord Russell's "Why I Am Not a Christian" (*SR* Oct. 5) quite appropriately refers to the shameful episode of Russell's exclusion from the faculty of the College of the City of New York. But his statement that Judge McGeehan, "tried the suit and duly pronounced Russell unfit to teach" gives an entirely false impression of what actually happened. The suit was never tried, and although the judge did pronounce Russell unfit there was nothing "duly'" about the way this was accomplished.

The taxpayer-parent who brought the suit challenged the right of the Board of Higher Education to employ Russell on a number of grounds: that he was an alien, that he had not been selected by competitive examination, and that he was morally unsuitable. The Board, acting through its city appointed lawyer, the Corporation Counsel, challenged the right of this taxpayer-parent to bring the proceeding and the validity of the grounds alleged. Normally the judge before whom such a challenge is argued does no more than determine whether, on the facts stated, a claim for relief has been made out. If he decides this in the affirmative then the party against whom the proceeding is instituted, in this instance the Board of Higher Education, is given the opportunity of disputing the facts by an answer. Only then could there be any trial with the taking of testimony, any decision having the effect, as here, of banning Russell.

But in this case Judge McGeehan not only decided that a sufficient claim had been asserted, but took it on himself to deprive the Board of all opportunity to dispute the facts. So he made a final decision on the merits as though there had, in fact, been a trial. This was all the more shocking because Russell was not represented and, after the axe had fallen, was denied the right to contest the result.

There is one other aspect of this matter that needs to be recalled—the role played by Mayor LaGuardia. For he instructed his appointee, the Corporation Counsel, not to appeal the decision. And when the Board tried to appeal through independent counsel the courts ruled that it had no right to do so. One of the lawyers who acted for the Board (without fee) now sits on the United States Supreme Court—John M. Harlan.

It should also be noted that no one has ever paid attention to Judge McGeehan's ruling that the professors at the City College must be appointed by competitive examination.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL.

New York, N. Y.

ALCOHOLIC HAZARD

REGARDING "Smudging the Subconscious" (*SR* Oct. 5), I would like to add that the subliminal machine might be extremely hazardous to alcoholics, particularly considering the number of breweries and distilleries which sponsor TV programs.

LARRY STORY.

Melstone, Mont.

UNKNOWING SUBJECTION

OBJECTIONABLE as most television commercials are, at least we are free now to turn down the volume or leave the room. Are we to be subjected to commercials without our even knowing it?

JAY A. ROSAAEN.

Redwood City, Calif.

SICKENED

AT FIRST I thought N. C. must be using a hypothetical case to point out the trend so obvious in our mass communications. When I realized he wasn't I was first angered, then sickened. That such a "thing" actually exists is staggering.

MRS. G. R. DEERING.

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

IDIOTS, UNITE!

HERE IS ONE appropriately gray-headed lady (of normally pacifist tendencies) who will shout "Shoot if you must . . .! But spare your country's id!" Id-iots of the world, unite!

DORIS BEARD.

San Francisco, Calif.

FULL OF TIMID PEOPLE

IT IS EVIDENT that a great deal must be learned about these new "subliminal" dangers to the human mind. We cannot afford to wait for "1984." The mental balance, the very sanity of our people is at stake. I suggest that the Government investigate the nature of the human mind. In that way we may hope to avoid the consequences of a brave new world top-full of timid people.

HARVARD HOLLENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Innocent and the Damned

MOLLY KAZAN'S new play **"The Egghead,"** constitutes a reasonably engrossing and well-written drama of political intrigue. A passionately liberal university professor finds a former Negro student who is being investigated by the FBI as a suspected Communist. The professor refuses to cooperate with the FBI beyond giving his word that he will not reveal the FBI's visit to the ex-student. Furthermore, he stubbornly schedules a lecture to his class by the suspected Red. The mysteries of whether the suspect really is a Communist, and which of six people who knew about the FBI visit tipped him off, make good suspense. Yet Mrs. Kazan is attempting something more than entertainment. Because her own husband once felt it his duty to reveal the names of Communists who had been in the Party with him, and suffered the disdain of many for so doing, Mrs. Kazan has a real grievance here. Her egghead professor becomes a scathing portrait of the well-meaning "liberal" who condemned Mr. Kazan's "informing." And, conversely, she defends cooperation with the FBI by holding that the danger of subversion is greater than some of us believe it to be. As arbiter she sets up an ex-Communist German refugee professor. This man, who has been through the European mill, sees Americans as irresponsibly naive about the whole business; like Graham Greene, he decries our "innocence." His message and Mrs. Kazan's is that we should grow up and toughen up.

"The Egghead" is most effective when *attacking* the "intellectual" who refuses to see the total picture. Its most memorable moment comes when the professor's gentle young wife finally lets him have it. "Talk about prejudice," she says. "You don't like the younger generation. You think they're going to the dogs—and you don't like Germans—and you don't like Catholics—and you don't like Southerners. That's *quite* a list!" But because the playwright wants to present the picture as it is in life, such dramatic outbursts occur only occasionally. And the majority of the evening is concerned with making each necessary event in the demonstration seem plausible. In this the performers provide valuable assistance. Never letting herself be more-or-less heroic than any really good wife, Phyllis Love is heartbreakingly genuine. And Karl Malden takes pains not to let the professor disintegrate into caricature.

But for all its plausibility and moments of excitement, "The Egghead" has important shortcomings. The Red threat seems mild and vague rather than urgent. The professor seems too politically unsophisticated to pass, let alone teach, a course in political science. And at the end of the play, when Mrs. Kazan suddenly tries to defend the man she has destroyed, she states his value without being able to demonstrate it or even to find for him a positive course of action. Thus, at the same time that we applaud her for not ending with a phony action or speech, we are also left unsatisfied, because of the imponderables remaining to be thrashed out before we can conclusively judge the ethics of the play. Mrs. Kazan might well be persuaded to apply some of her honesty and talent to a second play exploring the Egghead-in-Transition. Or, at the very least, to add to the published edition of the play a Shavian forecast of what happens to all the characters.

PETER USTINOV'S **"Romanoff and Juliet"** was reviewed in these columns (*SR* Oct. 13, 1956). Now, the Broadway production seems just as hilarious when Mr. Ustinov is doing his comic routines and just as gratuitous when he is not. The comedy defeats itself with its whimsical artificiality and superfluity of witty embroidery. The notion of a zany but practical prime minister in a tiny country that keeps the peace by "balance of feebleness" is delightful. But the broad parodies of the American and Soviet embassies and the unreal love affair between the American ambassador's daughter and the Soviet ambassador's son dissipate our interest. But if fun and wit are enough, Mr. Ustinov gives the funniest and wittiest performance of the season.

THE Tyrone Guthrie production of Schiller's **"Mary Stuart"** succeeds in making a rather remote historical drama surprisingly unboring. Eva Le Gallienne and Irene Worth contrast splendidly as the two queens, and the supporting cast plays with unpretentious conviction. Donald Oenslager's fluid scenery and Alvin Colt's beautiful costumes contribute enormously to this memorable production.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Climate of Fear

"Robert Moses, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance, refused to make a scheduled appearance on a television discussion program yesterday because the script was unfriendly."—The New York Times (*October 6, 1957*).

THE script in this case means the questions Bill Leonard, of CBS, proposed to ask. Mr. Moses had sent to Mr. Leonard a series of questions he thought he and his fellow-guests (chosen by himself) should be asked and some of these were incorporated in the final script. No suggestions were made as to the answers.

The subject of the program had been publicly debated for some time—it was an official matter of grave concern—and every one of the "unfriendly" questions had been asked before. They were thorny, they dealt with three major areas of controversy: race, religion, and the relocation of poor people and small business. Mr. Leonard's questions were, in effect, quotations. A representative of the city of New York not only refused to answer them, he refused to allow them to be asked in his presence—*on television.*

I put beside this another disquieting episode which was described in a recent issue of *Harper's* by Leo Rosten. There had come into Mr. Rosten's hands a series of reports on some extraordinary actions taken by American citizens. The individuals concerned were as far apart as a waitress in a diner and a vice president of a huge steel company. They were united in one thing: in each case a man or woman had gone out of his or her way to protect the rights of a fellow human being—usually risking something of value: a job or the continued friendship of the community in which they lived. In every story there was drama and a warmhearted central character for people to "identify with." Mr. Rosten offered these stories free to the makers of TV programs. Producers were enthusiastic—but in every case "somebody" vetoed the project and again and again the reason given was that the stories were "too strong."

Note that in every case the finest principles of American life triumphed, the Bill of Rights was confirmed as an active ingredient in contemporary American life. What then was "too strong"? The one essential of drama: the conflict. For the Bill of Rights to triumph it had to be challenged or violated. Sometimes it was violated by authority, sometimes its spirit was violated by groups or individuals—but every time Americans reasserted its validity. Yet the material could not be presented—*on television.* (Some of the episodes have appeared as advertisements issued by the Fund for the Republic. In offering the material Mr. Rosten specifically waived any credit to or mention of the Fund.)

MR. MOSES, by his action, asked Mr. Leonard to limit his interview to such questions as would let him and his associates appear in a favorable light, depriving the audience of part of the story. The broadcasters who refused Mr. Rosten's material were censoring out of existence a noble aspect of American life because it involved showing an ignoble one.

A few weeks ago, in this space, I defended those programs which risked or exploited a vulgar curiosity because they provided some balance to the softness and mediocrity of so much of television. I have since seen a Mike Wallace interview with a hapless strip-teaser whose tortured replies brought acute and audible discomfort to Mr. Wallace himself; the whole interview wavered between cruelty and bad taste. It had a grotesque quality when Miss Lili St. Cyr expounded her belief that the men who live on the planet Venus are less moved by "lust and greed" than earth-people are, and it had flashes of integrity when she explained that she didn't believe in the institution of marriage but yielded to it because she had to make a living. But I felt that it should never have taken place, that the victim had been ill-advised to seek publicity in this way, and Mr. Wallace ill-advised to use her.

But if that is the price we have to pay for preserving some freedom and some reality on the air, I still say we should pay it. I think there is another way to keep the air alive: by public interest and public protest. It seems to me that the people of New York ought to do something about Mr. Moses—and that everyone interested in the freedom of the air should congratulate Mr. Leonard and CBS for sticking to their guns.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debuts of Tchaikowsky and Simionato—City Center

AGAINST all historic probability, Tchaikowsky played Prokofieff at the first broadcast of the New York Philharmonic's new season. That would be, of course, Andre Tchaikowsky, the young Polish-born, French-trained pianist who has won several challenging competitions abroad and otherwise made a start on fame in his twenty-two years. By plan, his debut was scheduled for the opening concerts of the season earlier in the week. These were cancelled when the musicians and the management failed to reach an agreement on the season's contract.

The young man gave an excellent account of himself, both as musician and technician, though it did not appear that the C major concerto of Prokofieff (No. 3) was the happiest choice for his introduction. His fleetness of finger sounded to me rather more leggiero than the steely bite this work's bravura demands, his maximum tone production not as deep nor as clangorous as the best results require. Rather more to the point, however, was the warmth and attractiveness of his musical personality (as conveyed in the slow movement), and a forthright demeanor that won repeated recalls from the audience.

In resuming its work under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the orchestra gave him the quality and quantity of sound he wanted in a G minor concerto of Vivaldi (written for the Dresden Orchestra) and the Fourth Symphony of Vaughan Williams. In cohesion and concern for detail, it was one of the better examples of this partnership, though the conductor's conception of the Vivaldi fast movements struck me as overweighted and heavily accented.

NEXT to the last place one would expect the Italian mezzo Giulietta Simionato to make her New York debut would be Town Hall (the last, clearly, would be the Metropolitan Opera, whose signed contract she neglected to honor a few years ago). However, this was an occasion when Town Hall and Miss Simionato met on equal terms, the common cause being probably the first New York performance (in concert form) of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," with Arnold Gamson conducting the season's first offering of the American Opera Society.

Like more than a few of Donizetti's other operas which we rarely hear (Favorita" and Lucrezia Borgia" among them), "Anna Bolena" has a tempting flow of the melodic fluency, the dramatic point, and the orchestral vagueness familiar from "Lucia." It lacks a sextet, of course, and no such showpiece as the "Mad Scene," but it is clearly the work of a master whose sense of the stage kept it filled with one or another of the female principals at all times—either Jane Seymour, sung by Miss Simionato, or the title character, by Gloria Davy.

The intimate contact of performers and listeners inescapable in Town Hall left little doubt that Miss Simionato is the best all-round mezzo now active in opera. She is a true example of her type, possessing both the bright upper range of the soprano and the darker lower register of the mezzo, not marred by a conspicuous break or alteration of timbre between. A tasteful singer, and an intelligent one too, she can whip off a florid phrase or bear down on a dramatic passage with equal facility and effect. The Metropolitan could certainly use her—and, one suspects, she could use the Metropolitan too, after a taste of the warm reception her devotees gave her.

The impression made by Miss Davy was more equivocal. Donizetti's style is far from simple, and she has much less indoctrination in it that Miss Simionato. However, one was struck more by her temperament in this role than by the richness or variety of her vocal equipment. It is a sound, dramatic voice, still incompletely developed, with a bright top. But the weight of the middle register was not impressive nor did she seem to be at ease in the ensembles. Richard Cassily, admired for his work in "The Saint of Bleecker Street," showed growth as a tenor in his delivery of the high-lying music for Lord Richard Percy: Kenneth Smith, conversely, seemed to be laboring his once impressive bass voice as a leaner, lanker Henry VIII than Holbein would have recognized.

Recognition, dramatically, was mostly of an approximate sort, for the ladies wore costume dresses, the men white ties, in a rather perplexing jumble of emphasis. Gamson's orchestra sounded better than it has on some past occasions, and he stints no vigor in his direction. It is questionable, however, how much leadership can be attributed to a conductor whose orchestra is on stage with the singers, at an oblique angle where he can see them, but they cannot see him. He kept pace with them very well.

AMONG the reasons to admire the way Julius Rudel has begun his work as director of the City Center's operatic activities is his willingness to share the conductor's podium with such qualified men as Arturo Basile, Peter Harman Adler, Jose Iturbi, and Franz Allers. Rather than viewing their success as a possible threat to his own, Rudel apparently has a Wilsonian doctrine of his own: What is good for them is good for City Center, and what is good for City Center is very good for Rudel.

The first of the guests to come into view (following Rudel's direction of the opening "Turandot") was Basile, whose good repute has preceeded him by way of some energetic, well-paced opera recordings from Italy (among them several of the earliest with Renata Tebaldi). It was good to find these qualities present also in his introductory "Traviata," for which Beverly Sills was a vivacious, vocally promising Violetta and John Alexander a plausible Alfredo. In this and the following "Boheme" his orchestra had a sound of warmth and character by no means inherent in the performers themselves. Given a reasonable (if not expectable) amount of rehearsal, Basile may give the younger singers of the company a desirable indoctrination in the better Italian practice.

Considering the extent to which last season's innovations under Erich Leinsdorf detoured the customary direction of this endeavor, Rudel did well to have it running smoothly at the opening. By the same token, "Turandot" is a vain and inevitably defeating project for a theatre with less than maximum resources, scenic as well as vocal. It is, after all, Puccini's most ambitious operatic venture, and a small chorus, over-taxed orchestra, and variable singers are not the stuff for which he wrote. Gaudy rather than colorful scenery and a large outpouring of vocal sound without much artistic quality must reduce the possibly creditable to the demonstrably indifferent. Giuseppe Gismondo, a young Italian tenor with a disposition to the del Monaco manner, taxed a potentially useful voice with the stern demands of the Calaf's music, as Frances Yeend ploughed through the part of Turandot with little regard for subtlety or color. Such of these as the occasion provided was heard from Adele Addison as Liu. Joshua Hecht performed artistically as Timur, and the new names included those of Ping (David Williams), Pang (Paul Huddleston), and Pong (Loren Driscoll).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Vigorous Vanguard

"The Lunatic Fringe," by Gerald Johnson *(Lippincott. 248 pp. $3.95) and* ***"The Square Pegs," by Irving Wallace*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 328 pp. $5) are two accounts of eccentric and/or bizarre people in American history, many of them comparatively obscure. Hal Bridges, who reviews the two books here, is professor of history at the University of Colorado.*

By Hal Bridges

IN THEIR latest books, both Gerald W. Johnson and Irving Wallace have chosen to deal biographically with eccentric personages in American history. But their separate treatments of this common subject are markedly different. Mr. Johnson in "The Lunatic Fringe" is interested in politics; his fourteen eccentrics are mainly political leaders with ideas ahead of their times. Mr. Wallace in "The Square Pegs" focuses upon nine relatively obscure but flamboyantly bizarre personalities, much in the manner of his earlier book, "The Fabulous Originals."

Mr. Johnson's book is didactic. His sketches of the political careers of men like Tom Paine, Henry George, John Peter Altgeld, and Tom Watson might be described as elongated editorials in which the author, drawing his facts from secondary sources, points out those aspects of his protagonists' lives which illustrate his dominant theme: freedom of thought is the strength of democracy, and yesterday's wild-eyed notion often becomes today's sound and solid governmental idea.

—*From "The Square Pegs."*

Victoria Woodhull—"free lover and presidential candidate."

In arguing this admirable thesis, Mr. Johnson deals in vigorous generalizations that sometimes fall into oversimplification. The assertion that "Horace Greeley was just about the giddiest old goat that ever played a prominent role in public affairs" caricatures rather than characterizes the famous editor. The statement that in the 1830s "minds grew dull" in America, while it refers primarily to political thought, still seems to overlook Emerson and the transcendentalists. The remark that Theodore Roosevelt "never displayed racial or religious intolerance" hardly seems to take account of Roosevelt's Anglo-Saxonism and resultant contempt for the "Latin races."

At times, too, the historical events in the book seem so familiar that not even the author's sardonic humor and witty asides can impart much freshness to the retelling. Yet when the material is meaty, as in the story of Tom Watson, the Populist leader who turned cynically from liberalism to racism and religious bigotry, Mr. Johnson's forceful style is effective and his comments thought-provoking. He points out that although Watson was a man "who couldn't take it," he was nevertheless a sincere political protestant before he was unfairly beaten by the conservative Democratic machine in Georgia. It follows that "the forcible suppression of any protest is wrong in a democratic society. One of the penalties of that wrong is the release upon society of a Tom Watson, a man of ability converted into a scourge."

Mr. Wallace also has a philosophical word to say in behalf of the dissenter in the United States. At the outset of his book he deplores current American conformist attitudes and "the consequent fear of any challenging ideas or personalities," and states his own faith: "To be one's self, and

—*From "The Square Pegs."*

George Francis Train—"provided Jules Verne with a plot."

unafraid whether right or wrong, is more admirable than the easy cowardice of surrender to conformity." After this, he eschews overt argument, portrays his gallery of eccentrics, one after the other, with deft artistry, and allows the reader to discover whatever moral lessons he may in the flow of entertainment.

Probably the best known personage in his book is Victoria Woodhull, the spiritualist, free lover, and women's rights advocate who ran for President against Grant in 1872. Her sexual adventures and her role in the notorious Beecher-Tilton adultery case, make the exposés of modern scandal magazines seem insipid. (Mr. Johnson could not resist telling this lusty story either, though he has some difficulty justifying Mrs. Woodhull's presence among his good liberals.)

Mr. Wallace, who has done considerable research in the original sources, also introduces us to such square pegs as Wilbur Glenn Volivia, who believed the world is flat, George Francis Train, who claimed to have traveled around it in eighty days (thereby providing Jules Verne with a plot), Delia Bacon, who "moved Shakespeare's bones" literarily by originating the theory that Sir Francis Bacon and others wrote the Shakespearean plays, and Timothy Dexter, the semi-literate business genius and egomaniac whose unpunctuated book, "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," takes front rank in *curiosa Americana*. As for Mr. Wallace's own book, it is, to use a non-eccentric phrase, highly readable.

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Creators and Cranks

***"Dreamers of the American Dream," by Stewart H. Holbrook** (Doubleday. 369 pp. $5.75), is a study of the visionaries, the saints, and the fools of historic American reform movements. John A. Garraty, professor of history at Michigan State University, who reviews it here, is the author of a newly published book entitled "The Nature of Biography."*

By John A. Garraty

OVER the past twenty years, Stewart H. Holbrook has made a considerable reputation as a popularizer of American social and economic history. He has chronicled the lumbering, the railroad, and the iron and steel industries; he has traced the westward migration of New England culture and written biographies of Ethan Allen and James J. Hill. Most recently, in "The Age of the Moguls," he has told the story of the "robber barons." Now, in "Dreamers of the American Dream," he deals with a galaxy of American reform movements and with the cranks, crackpots, geniuses, saints, and fools of both sexes who took part in them.

In his many books, Mr. Holbrook does not pretend to make what scholars call "a contribution." Indeed, his very unpretentiousness is his greatest asset. This new book is typical in that it is written in deceptively simple prose and liberally (but not excessively) interlarded with jaunty colloquial expressions. A group of reformed drunkards are referred to as "six admitted old soaks," an orator becomes "a speaker of tremendous horsepower," a Wichita bartender is said to have "lammed through the rear doorway" at the approach of the formidable Carrie Nation, an agrarian radical is reported as having "scared all hell" out of conventional conservatives. Such phrases are obviously intended to make the material more palatable to the reader. If they do so, they are to be commended; in any case they do no serious harm. In the same way, Mr. Holbrook does not try to overpower either himself or his readers with deep investigations of every aspect of his subjects. In this book he deals principally with various utopian movements, with land reformers, Prohibitionists, crusaders for the rights of women, prison reformers, educators of the deaf and the blind, and with radical labor movements. He tells a lively story and avoids detailed analyses of cause and

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effect. When he offers interpretations they are usually the interpretations of others (and admittedly so, for Mr. Holbrook is scrupulous in giving credit wherever it is due). His account is unfailingly interesting, partly because of his gift for narration, partly because he emphasizes the unusual, the exotic, and the ridiculous aspects of the reform movements wherever possible.

The reader is sure to find something to make him chuckle in Mr. Holbrook's pages. Perhaps it will be Samuel Thomson, the "Botanic Man," who will catch his eye, or Anson Fowler, inventor of the octagonal house, or perhaps Dr. Dioclesian Lewis, author of "New Gymnastics," "Chastity," and "Our Digestion," or Dr. Mary Walker, who wore men's clothes and won a medal for her brave work during the Civil War, or Abigail Duniway Scott, who said: "One half of American women are dolls, the rest are drudges, and we are all fools." Indeed, sometimes the author seems more interested in poking fun than in writing a well-balanced history.

But Mr. Holbrook does not ignore the serious and commendable aspects of the reforms he discusses. He loves to expose frauds and to deflate narrow-minded, intolerant reformers. He is unsparing of most of the Prohibitionists, for example, and almost unfair in his ridicule of some of the utopians. But for reasonable and honest reformers, however zealous, he has ample praise. He is kind to Dorothea Dix, to Margaret Sanger, to Eugene V. Debs, and even to the often-absurd John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida community and exponent of "Perfectionism," "complex marriage," and "male continence." The men and women who devoted themselves selflessly to aiding the deaf, the dumb, and the blind receive his special praise. Neither glib joviality nor slick "cleverness" can be found in the pages devoted to Thomas Gallaudet, Alexander Graham Bell, Samuel Gridley Howe, Helen Keller, and others prominent in these movements, yet this section is among the most interesting and attractive in the volume.

Mr. Holbrook's methodology and his basic point of view do not make for great history. He is a sort of poor man's Thucydides, a proletarian Gibbon. His works are neither deeply researched or deeply thought out. But his eminent good sense and honesty, his straightforward prose, and his gift for humor and the pungent phrase make "Dreamers of the American Dream" a good, simple introduction to his subject matter.

THE NEW VIEWPOINT OF JOHN BULL: American history was long a neglected subject in British universities, but anyone who does not know that since the second World War the situation has undergone a marked change should read **"British Essays in American History,"** edited by H. C. Allen and C. P. Hill (St. Martin's Press, $6). In this quietly competent volume seventeen British scholars offer interpretations of major historical developments in the United States from the establishment of the Constitution to present times. Written primarily for British readers and based upon secondary sources, the essays contain much that is familiar to American students; but the perspective is always the fresh one of the foreign observer and the authors seldom fail to provide some provocative emphasis or idea of their own. Outstanding contributions among a generally good lot are Professor Allen's thoughtful treatment of what could have been a hackneyed topic, the Turner frontier thesis; Max Beloff's analysis of American foreign policy since 1871; and D. W. Brogan's astute comments on contemporary American liberalism. The liberals' "greatest monument," Professor Brogan observes, "is the present Republican party," which cheers Herbert Hoover but accepts the New Deal.

—Hal Bridges.

OF FLINTLOCKS AND FRONTIERS: When Colonel Jefferson Davis led his volunteer regiment, the Mississippi Rifles, into the Mexican War he insisted that his men be equipped with the United States Army's new Model 1841 percussion rifle. In battle his regiment used the new weapons so effectively that it has been known ever since as the Mississippi Rifle. This is one brief sample of the unusual historical information to be found in Carl P. Russell's **"Guns on the Early Frontiers"** (University of California Press, $8.50), a handsome and authoritative volume designed primarily for curators of museums, students and historians of guns, and private arms collectors. For twenty-six years Dr. Russell has been collecting gun information. His book spans the centuries from Jamestown to the Mexican War, and is replete with exact descriptions, drawings, and diagrams of the various models of rifles, pistols, and small cannons that helped win the West. A glossary of gun terms adds to the book's usefulness.—H. B.

Pick of the Paperbacks

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

the morning to go on again alone, always alone.

Love? "Whenever Bernard had spoken of love," writes Miss Sagan, "Josée had spoken of love's brief duration. 'A year, or even two months from now, you won't love me any more.' She was the only person he knew who had a real consciousness of time. Everyone else, including himself, was driven by some very fundamental instinct to try, or pretend, to believe that love could last and solitude be dispelled forever."

MISS Sagan has know how to give cohesion to her group. It is a far larger and more complex unit than she has ever handled before and though, as a person, she would seem to identify with the independent, clear-eyed Josée, she has, as a writer, finally managed to abandon the single-character mask of the earlier books. She still, however, lacks nuance. For example, of the two positive elements in the novel, Nicole, who is Bernard's devoted wife and who believes that love conquers all, is a lacrimose bore, while Béatrice, the aspiring actress, who believes in the importance of her own career, is insensitive, grasping, and fundamentally stupid. In both these cases, Miss Sagan's impatience is showing. The other characters, without exception, accept the botch which "fate has made of their lives . . . they could never be really happy, and they knew it. And at the same time they knew, obscurely, that it didn't matter. It simply didn't matter."

It is well to remind the reader that today's vogue of hoplessness is as old as man's recorded thought. The pendulum-swing to the *nitchevo* attitude may, indeed, be attributable to the effect of the war (and post-war) periods on the childhood of those who are today's young authors. (This is the glib, somewhat sentimental conclusion of critics and readers who are disturbed yet titillated by the naughty young and their show of sterility.) Or it might be that the scurrying and the noisy bustle which seem inseparable from worldly success truly disgusts these writers and that they have moved into the wings the better to observe and record the senseless pattern of the dance from which they have withdrawn. Whatever the cause, the current result—Miss Sagan's magnifying of man's inability to make his mark, to "cast his shadow"—is an acid-etched estimate of what all the shouting adds up to.

SCHOOLMARM'S JOURNAL: There is no nostalgia for lost village life in **"Village Diary"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), the new book by "Miss Read," the pseudonym of the author of "Village School." Rather there is the delightful assurance that just over the horizon, in fact only a few miles away in the village of Fairacre, a great many old values continue. The book begins with the presentation of a Christmas gift, a diary, to the school teacher by an old friend who thinks that "self-expression is such a wonderful thing and so vital for a woman whose life is—well, not exactly abnormal, but restricted." The school mistress discovers, after her initial anger has subsided, the delight of recording the absurdity and solemnity and joy of her little village.

For those who loved "Village School," Mrs. Pringle, the busybody school cleaner, the Vicar, the other teachers, are still around. "Miss Read" conveys a real sense of the passage of time as they appear again, changed by time, but not too much. The sighs are few, a little anguish now and then, but mostly smiles and one great belly

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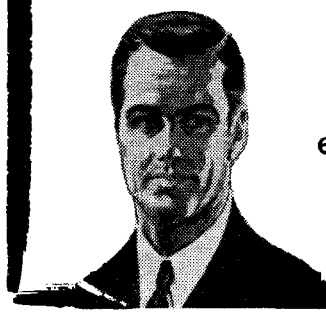

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laugh when the Women's Institute stages a historical pageant of the history of England, complete with middle-aged housewives in the garb of Romans. —ERNESTINE EVANS.

COPPER CRUSADE: In **"The Old Copper Collar"** (Ballantine, $3), Dan Cushman, a folklorist with an eye for the ludicrous, has confected a free-wheeling farce out of some historic boodling in old Montana. The occasion for Mr. Cushman's ribald excursion is a senatorial election in 1899, in which the interested parties were rival copper barons and the campaign literature consisted of thousand-dollar bills. As the author's revamped version of history has it: H. B. Bennett, a public spirited tycoon with a bottomless poke, is running against Dennis O'Hanlon, the nominee of the "Cobra Copper Company." Bennett's crusade is being managed by his literary son, Fred, who arrives in Helena with the unfinished script of an operetta ("The Countess Katinka") and a suitcase containing $280,000 with which to create good will among the electors of the state legislature. When young Bennett isn't busy handing out the ice or working on his libretto, he is courting Maureen O'Keefe, a local belle who is the daughter of an opposition stalwart. After a pretty thorny time, in which some of the public servants refuse to stay bought and Maureen becomes betrothed to a Prohibitionist, the causes of bribery and true love finally win out.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LONE STAR STRIFE: The Texas range in 1874 is the locale of **"The Unforgiven"** (Harper, $3.50), a rather bleak Western by Alan LeMay. Things are pretty tough for the fatherless Zachary family, trying to make a go of it on the Dancing Bird ranch, out in the thinly settled country west of the Wichita river. What with floods, drought, cattle fever, blizzards, unsociable Kiowa Indians and just plain loneliness ("cabin fever" they call it), the Zacharys have their hands full. And as if this weren't enough, along comes spooky old Abe Kelsey, sneaking around the Zachary ranch and trying to sic the Kiowas onto them. Seems like old Abe is goaded by the delusion that the late William Zachary had something to do with his son's being abducted by the Kiowas many years ago, and that Rachel Zachary, a seventeen-year-old brunette, is actually a Kiowa child swapped for Kelsey's son. Well, sir, an Indian vendetta is now added to the Zachary chores, and when the smoke clears, the sparse Texas population has been rendered still smaller. Mr. LeMay knows his locale. —M. L.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 22

Mary C. Simms Oliphant, the late Alfred Taylor Odell, but principally by T. C. Duncan Eaves, is managed with clarity and good sense, and with discriminating footnotes.

Previous volumes had exhibited Simms in the first throes of his ambition and on the small crests of his success as a writer of fiction. Now he is older, dulled by drudgery, ill and despondent: "My head aches while I write, and my heart is not free from its aches also. Everything is dark here before us . . . I am literally living from hand to mouth. The daily labour suffices only for daily bread." Reconstruction was an "ordeal of anarchy" leading toward despotism, but Simms held his head high, and only occasional bitterness colors his letters to such literary friends as Paul Hamilton Hayne and William Cullen Bryant. Without self-pity, he presents a poignant picture of post-war Southern desolation, and at the same time the portrait of a courageous man who was dedicated to his six children ("I wish," he wrote Hayne, "to live long enough to see them embarked on the voyage of life") and confident in the recuperative powers of his country. —Lewis Leary.

GILLIES ON GOETHE: It is probably correct to say that the greatest literary creators since the Middle Ages were Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Consequently, it is not surprising that the major works of these giants have been subjected to thousands of studies and commentaries, and, that although we may assume that everything has been said that ought to be said, new interpretations still appear year after year. Occasionally, they will supersede older approaches as each new generation comments on the masters in the light of its particular experience. Professor A. Gillies's **"Goethe's Faust"** (Macmillan $5), does not attempt any such ambitious goal. Straightforward and sober, neither representative of the thinking of our time nor probing into any hitherto overlooked aspects of Goethe's dramatic poem, his modest interpretation is simply an aid for undergraduate students of German. Although the more recent "Faust" studies in England and America are listed in the bibliography, they are not integrated with the text; they are just suggested for further reading. In short, this book neither adds to Goethe scholarship nor is it original enough in a critical sense to satisfy the general literate reader. Many enigmatic parts (especially in Part II) remain enigmatic, and most of Goethe's classicistic allusions remain unexplained. Gillies concentrates on the continuity of the plot outline (mainly of Part I), without sufficiently interpreting the often veiled intentions and motivation of the poet. However, the book may conceivably aid those who have a limited knowledge of German but wish to read the great masterpiece in the original. —Claude Hill.

BORDER CITY FOLKWAYS: It is good to be reminded by the collection of Lafcadio Hearn's writings which O. W. Frost has put together in **"Children of the Levee"** (University of Kentucky Press, $3.50), that the Irish-Greek stylist, remembered chiefly for his delicate rendering of Japanese tales and Creole legends, also recorded when he was a younger man something of Negro life in Cincinnati in the 1870s. As a newspaperman, Hearn was attracted by waterfront settlements, like Bucktown and Sausage Row, where he saw roustabouts, prostitutes, petty thieves, and murderers, many of them born in slavery, living in an atmosphere of violence and vice. Their superstitions, dances, and dialect, but mostly their carefree amorality, fascinated the young reporter, who wrote of them with perceptive affection.

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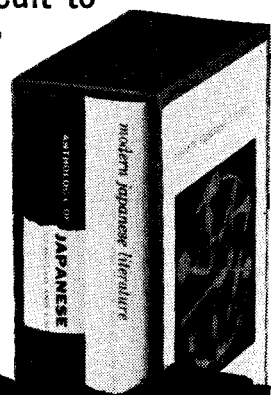

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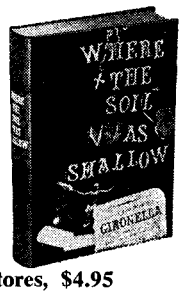

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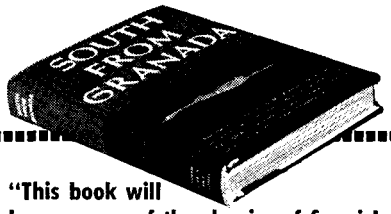

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Rise and Fall

Continued from page 15

cently come of age in the United States—and that is much. But the Beat Generation has produced no Hemingways, Fitzgeralds, or Thomas Wolfes; no H. L. Menckens or Walter Lippmanns. The new mass media of motion pictures, radio, and television have reached new heights of technical excellence, but the "seven lively arts," as Gilbert Seldes called them, have produced no such men and women of talent as Seldes admired thirty years ago. Every radio or televison news analyst with a national reputation today still draws inspiration from the earlier decades of this century—and it's the same story in other fields of journalistic effort. Whether there is no longer any room at the top, or whether the young men and women of talent prefer more secure or more highly paid work, I do not know. Perhaps, in the case of television, so much has to be learned so fast that its greatest opportunities lie in the technical rather than the creative sphere. But a career in radio, with its declining audiences, profits, and influence, has lost much of its former allure. All of which makes the way of the news analyst harder and harder, no matter where he turns.

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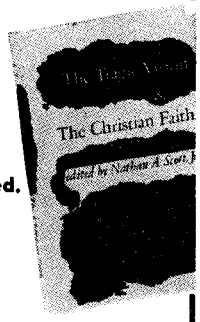

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novation make for so many improvements as in the field of news reports and news analysis.

In television, Weaver shattered the thirteen-week cycle under which individual programs not only ran to uniform lengths but had to be scheduled and sold in thirteen-week periods. He achieved this revolution by scheduling a variety of so-called television spectaculars, running one, two, and even three hours. Some of these spectaculars appeared only once. Others appeared at irregular intervals. Some of them found sponsors. Others did not. All cost NBC prodigious sums of money. In any event, Weaver and NBC parted company after six years—not long enough for Weaver to remold NBC nearer to his heart's desire but long enough to leave a lasting mark on the industry. The news analyst, in particular, has felt the consequences of the Weaver touch. On the one hand, Weaver's innovations promised to liberate some news analysts from the necessity of having to fill the same time period at the same hour of every day, no matter how much or little there might be to talk about at that moment. On the other hand, these same innovations threatened to liberate other news analysts from their jobs by opening the door to assorted experts to cover special situations as they arose. But Weaver's innovations also liberated Weaver from NBC before any news analyst found himself at liberty.

WHILE Weaver had been shaking up NBC's competitors as well as NBC, a former newspaperman was reorganizing the American Broadcasting Company. When Robert E. Kintner came to ABC as its president in 1948, its financial stringencies forced him to make bricks without straw. (When he left, in 1956, Paramount Theatres had purchased control and proceeded to make bricks without Kintner, who had performed miracles of economy and ingenuity, especially in the news field.) Instead of seeking and claiming an ideal of objectivity of which human nature is incapable, ABC is the one network that maintains a staff of commentators of widely varying political views and gives each member of this staff his head. The weakness of this policy is that ABC has had to gather in most of its commentators from other networks or from the newspaper and magazine field, since it gives such freedom only to newsmen with established reputations. Most of the CBS commentators, on the other hand, notably its younger correspondents in Washington and various foreign capitals, have worked their way up through the CBS organization. And though CBS has several times taken strong public stands against editorialized news commentary and in favor of objective news interpretation, the public record tells a different story. Murrow, Sevareid, and Howard K. Smith owe their high reputations to the frankly opinionated views they have repeatedly expressed over the CBS network. But candor compels this further admission. While no two CBS news analysts agree on every subject, the CBS news staff includes only those commentators whose views follow liberal patterns in domestic affairs and internationalist views in foreign affairs. Not since H. V. Kaltenborn moved to NBC in 1940 has the CBS network featured a news analyst with a frankly conservative outlook, and it has never given regular time to such nationalistic views as Paul Harvey expresses regularly over ABC or to such reactionary views as Fulton Lewis expresses regularly over Mutual.

For this record, CBS deserves nothing but praise. It merits criticism only for the occasional statements some of its executives issue on the subject of objective news analysis. Nor does CBS performance violate the rulings of the Federal Communications Commission which declared ten years ago in its famous Mayflower decision that networks have a right to editorialize—provided they present both sides. Only CBS has ever taken this ruling at its word—and only on exceptional occasions at that. Its great merit, as compared with any other network, is the consistent effort its management has made over the years to spend time, money, and talent on news coverage and news interpretation. ABC, on the other hand, merits special commendation for having given the American listening public a wide spectrum of political opinion expressed freely, fully, and regularly by men of such differing views as George E. Sokolsky, Paul Harvey, Erwin N. Canham, Edward P. Morgan, John W. Vandercook, and Cecil Brown. Now that Kintner has moved to NBC and Paramount Theatres has taken active control of ABC's operations, what may happen next at those two networks will depend on the actions, reactions, and interactions of so many personalities as to rule out prediction.

CONCERNING the present status and immediate future of the news analyst, in radio or television, this much can be said: The wonder is not that he plays a diminishing role on radio and barely exists on TV. The wonder is that he survives and exists at all, anywhere. This is due more to the durability than to the adaptability of the analyst and more to the inflexibility than to the enterprise of the industry for which he works. In some capitals, especially Washington, the radio or television news analyst now plays the same role as newspaper and magazine correspondents and bureau chiefs in those same cities. Sometimes he must function only as a stringer, finding his main source of income elsewhere. Sometimes he functions on a part-time basis and has time for other work on the side. But he tends to become a specialist in his own neck of the woods; not the all-purpose expert who analyzed the wartime news. Only local and regional stations and networks, whose audiences have a high common denominator of interest, still hold out opportunities to the traditional commentator.

In this connection a personal word may be in order. Of the four news-commentator jobs I have held during the past nineteen years none brought me so wide and warm an audience response as the one I received from the comparatively highbrow listeners to New York's Station WQXR. As a news analyst for CBS, during and after the war, I received more helpful editorial guidance than anywhere else. It is the kind of guidance that all working journalists require; as a former book and magazine editor myself I know whereof I speak. In my four years as news analyst for Station WILL, operated as an outlet for educational radio by the University of Illinois, my freedom of expression was far more narrowly circumscribed than it ever has been on any commercial station or network. Which—I hasten to add—is only right and proper. A tax-supported state university, supervised by an elected board of trustees, dare not offend any substantial group of its constituents. In my present capacity as news analyst for the American Broadcasting Network, I have never felt so free to speak my mind or had so much time in which to speak it.

But the breed to which I belong is vanishing. The generation to which I belong has passed its prime. We have seen William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson as plain as the young people of today have seen Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, and John Foster Dulles. Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin still seem as real and alive as Sir Winston Churchill. We cannot forget the marks they left upon our lives. We think and read about them more than we do about the present leaders of the world—and we talk about them almost as much. These thoughts and words mean more to our contemporaries—and to our elders—than to our juniors. But how large a place

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have these juniors yet earned in interpreting today's events—and tomorrow's? And when all of those who have come to the top of any field belong to the middle or elder generation, it means that something has happened at the roots.

Whether that something is good or bad depends upon the point of view. The younger generation either cannot see or cannot find opportunities in a type of journalism that now seems to have gone into a decline. To the extent that the popularizer, in any medium, has abused his privilege or worn out his welcome, this is all to the good. It is also a healthy sign when, in a more specialized field, a George Gallup challenged the election forecasts of the *Literary Digest* just as Samuel Lubell now challenges Dr. Gallup's. And just as television's "Meet the Press" has superseded radio's "Town Meeting of the Air," so the televised interviews conducted by Martin Agronsky and Mike Wallace break new, rich ground. But these innovations supplement, they do not replace the commentator with a wider view. The root of the matter may well be that only under exceptional pressures will a mass medium carry and a mass audience respond to such wide and searching interpretations of world affairs as a few dozen radio commentators brought to a vast public during World War II.

WHY has not the challenge of the postwar crisis brought forth a similar response? The blame cannot be laid at any single door—if, indeed, it is even a question of blame in the first place. As one laborer in the vineyard sees it, there has never been so great a demand as now exists for an integrated interpretation of the day's news and its wider meaning. If the public now turns more and more to experts and specialists, it is because they seem to speak some part of the truth with some authority. But a different and a greater opportunity beckons. No single individual can hope to meet it. One industry—which need not necessarily be the radio or television industry—can. But perhaps some new and greater crisis must break upon us first. The history of the radio industry and the Second World War cannot repeat itself. Such histories never do. But tomorrow's history goes on from where yesterday's left off, and some patterns of the recent past may repeat themselves in the near future. Events have speeded up so rapidly in recent years that some of the same men who played outstanding parts in the First World War lived to apply the lessons they had learned twenty years on. The same thing could happen again.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Anything small and of elegant workmanship.	1 45 51 113 43
B. Mysterious, supernatural.	55 4 6 151 71 121
C. What Juliet called a "*sober-suited matron, all in* black."	49 21 162 112 134
D. Aristocrat.	105 32 35 23 152
E. Angel in Paradise Lost who transformed Satan.	157 59 135 87 26 78 97 172
F. Son of the "richest man in the world" during World War I (given name).	100 106 20 36 148
G. Any plant of the genus *Malva*.	31 7 22 80 150 14
H. Tincture used as embrocation for bruises, sprains, etc.	145 61 16 120 91 25
I. A gull, or tern, or (sometimes) a jaeger.	56 171 94 125 84
J. Man often called "The Proselyte," author of Word R (1st or 2nd cent. A.D.).	164 62 5 109 127 72 63
K. Couple of tricks under the contract (in bridge, 2 wds.).	17 143 119 39 95 73 42
L. The Nativity.	107 130 66 155 11 90 159 163
M. Organizer of combinations, esp. political (word from the science laboratory).	53 132 88 104 126 163 114 8
N. Brightest star in Scorpio.	69 117 99 52 167 28 128

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. English novelist, six feet four, successfully lectured in Amer. (1811-63).	115 12 116 122 138 60 89 3 85
P. Amer. railway president ("Big Four", C&O; 1842-1914).	136 83 111 98 67 70 44
Q. Jewish fastday commemorating the two destructions of the temple at Jerusalem (followed by "of Ab").	161 65 137 153 37
R. *Aramaic paraphrase of* Pentateuch written by Word J and known as his.	30 57 96 50 165 108
S. Amer. scout and U.S. marshal known as "Wild Bill" (1837-76).	123 147 103 92 18 54
T. Octaves.	170 38 141 68 47 24 146
U. Family name, two famous German portrait sculptors (19th cent.); English diplomat, a founder of the Primrose League.	19 33 2 81 156
V. Animal living habitually as guest of another.	82 58 129 144 139 79 15 76 13
W. Deservedly well-known.	158 86 46 74 77 93 169 64 149 41
X. Not agreeing.	40 48 102 29 160 118 75 10 154
Y. Having real being; noumenal.	9 140 110 166 133
Z. Fabulous two-legged winged creature with the head of a dragon.	124 142 27 131 101 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 A	2 U	3 O	4 B	5 J		6 B	7 G	8 M		9 Y								
10 X		11 L	12 O	13 V		14 G	15 V	16 H	17 K	18 S	19 U		20 F	21 C	22 G	23 D								
	24 T	25 H	26 E	27 Z	28 N	29 X	30 R		31 G	32 D	33 U	34 Z		35 D	36 F	37 Q								
38 T	39 K	40 X		41 W	42 K	43 A		44 P	45 A	46 W	47 T	48 X	49 C	50 R		51 A								
52 N	53 M	54 S	–	55 B	–	56 I	57 R	58 V	59 E	60 O	61 H	62 J		63 J	64 W	65 Q								
66 L	67 P		68 T	69 N	70 P	71 B	72 J	73 K	74 W	75 X	76 V		77 W	78 E	79 V	80 G								
	81 U	82 V	83 P	84 I		85 O	86 W	87 E		88 M	89 O	90 L	91 H	92 S	–	93 W								
94 I	–	95 K	96 R	97 E	98 P	99 N	100 F	101 Z	102 X		103 S	104 M	105 D	106 F	107 L	–								
108 R	109 J	110 Y		111 P	112 C	113 A	114 M	115 O		116 O	117 N	118 X		119 K	120 H	121 B								
122 O	123 S		124 Z	125 I	126 M	127 J		128 N	129 V	130 L	131 Z	132 M	133 Y		134 C	135 E								
136 P	137 Q	138 O	139 V	140 Y	141 T		142 Z	143 K	144 V		145 H		146 T	147 S	148 F	149 W								
150 G	151 B	152 D	153 Q	154 X	155 L		156 U	157 E	158 W	159 L	160 X	161 Q	162 C		163 M	164 J								
165 R		166 Y	167 N	168 L		169 W	170 T	171 I	172 E															

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

OCTOBER 26, 1957

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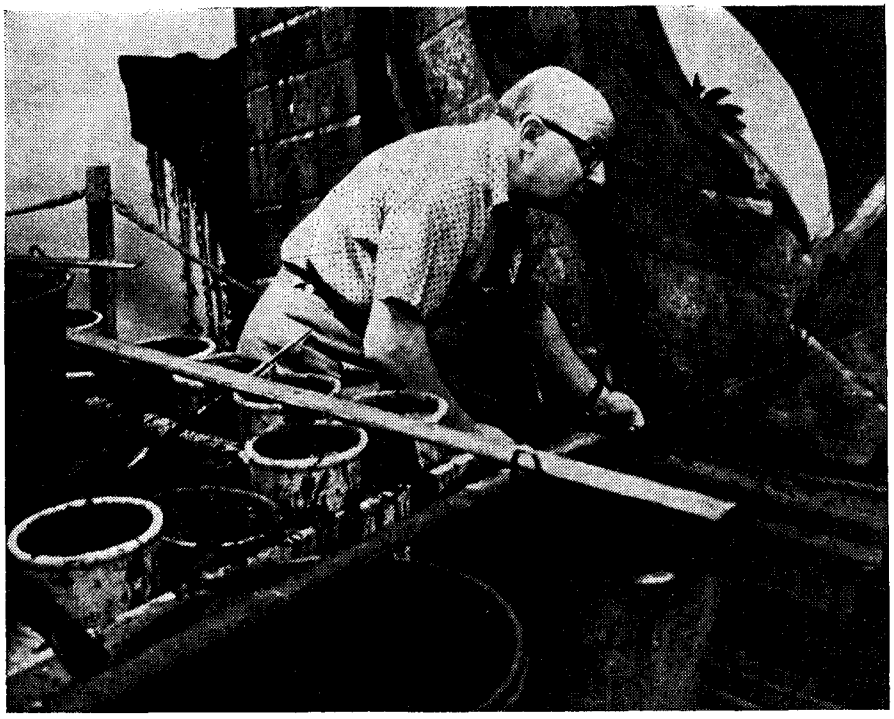
Hail "Don Giovanni," Farewell Theatre

By EUGENE BERMAN

BETWEEN September 15 and October 28, 1787—a space of little more than six weeks—Mozart wrote out and orchestrated his *dramma giocoso* "Don Giovanni," which is regarded by many as the greatest work ever written for the operatic stage.

When the curtain rises on the new production of "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan Opera House on October 31, it will have been the work of a whole year for me to design and supervise its execution. I received Rudolf Bing's invitation to design the production last November in Rome, where I had just taken an apartment in order to live and to paint for the next year or two. To do a production of "Don Giovanni" was always a cherished dream of mine: this was the time to do it or never. I gave up the thought of all the other work I was going to do, and started to sketch ideas for the twelve or thirteen scenes of the opera.



Eugene Berman, painter-designer, at work on the Metropolitan's paint bridge.

Lest this seems an investment of time peculiar to this particular project, I may mention the production of "Cosi fan tutte," which I designed in 1955 for the opening of the Piccola Scala in Milan. That job, smaller in scope because there are fewer scene changes and the theatre (built into the Scala complex for special performances of chamber operas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) of very limited dimensions, still took eight months of almost uninterrupted work.

Why is such a lavish outlay of time and energy necessary for production designs of operas which were created by Mozart and his librettist da Ponte in a matter of weeks, a few months at most? It would seem disproportionate, it not downright absurd, to spend so much time on something which obviously could be done much more quickly and simply.

Or could it and should it be done that way?

True, Mozart was a unique genius in the realm of music and to my mind the greatest opera composer who ever lived. True, he had the most astonishing facility to write the most excellent

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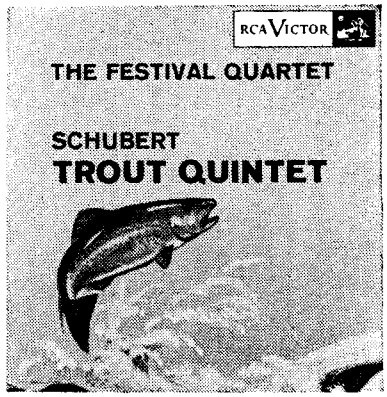

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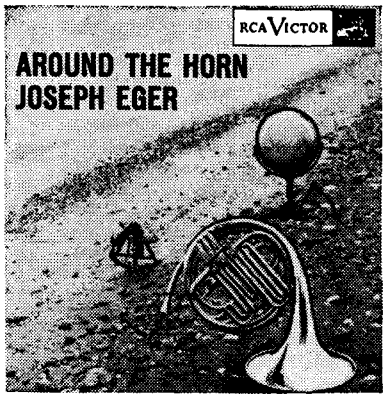

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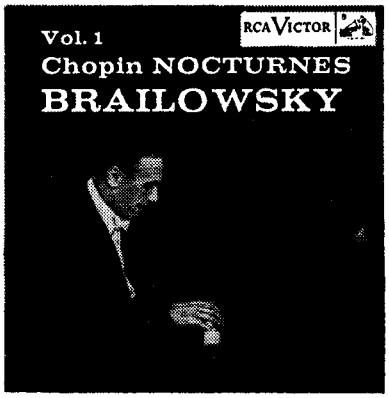

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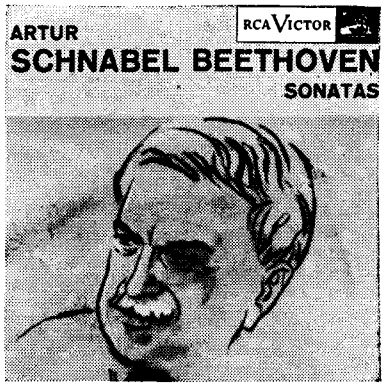

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and sublime music *alla prima* for every scene and passage—I doubt there was ever any hesitation in his mind whether an aria or a *recitative* could go any other way than the one he immediately elected. We know that the famous overture for "Don Giovanni"—one that immediately gives the whole mood and color of the drama—was composed by Mozart the night before the last rehearsal. It is there for eternity—nothing could be better or more appropriate than what he did in those few brief hours, and the same can be said of most of his music.

But this was the mark of his genius and possibly, too, it was the mark of the times. At certain periods, when certain forms of art are at their highest peak, when everything seems to be crystal clear not only to the leading exponent in a certain field, but when even second and third-string talents achieve surprisingly good formal results, and appear to be such skilful masters of their craft, there is no doubt, no hesitation, no waste of time, no need for retouching and perfecting one's own work. Things flow easily and convincingly. There is, of course, a difference between the work of a genius and that of a follower, but both may be marked by the same ease, by the same apparent lack of concern and groping. Even the most creative and novel aspects of art in such periods seem singularly devoid of the effort and strain of creative labor. That is not so in our time—probably the most turbulent, chaotic, and difficult of any period in the history of the arts.

The most acute problem of almost every creative artist is the question of direction. What to do, where to go, what means are acceptable and significant for our time, what taboos should be respected religiously and which ones is it time to break and eliminate? What is "modern" and what is not? What is truly significant for our generation or just accepted as such? What will tomorrow bring? What aspects—so significant today according to our self-styled experts and judges who mete out indiscriminately pronunciamentoes, accolades, and rewards—will be accepted by later generations as truly individualistic and characteristic of our time?

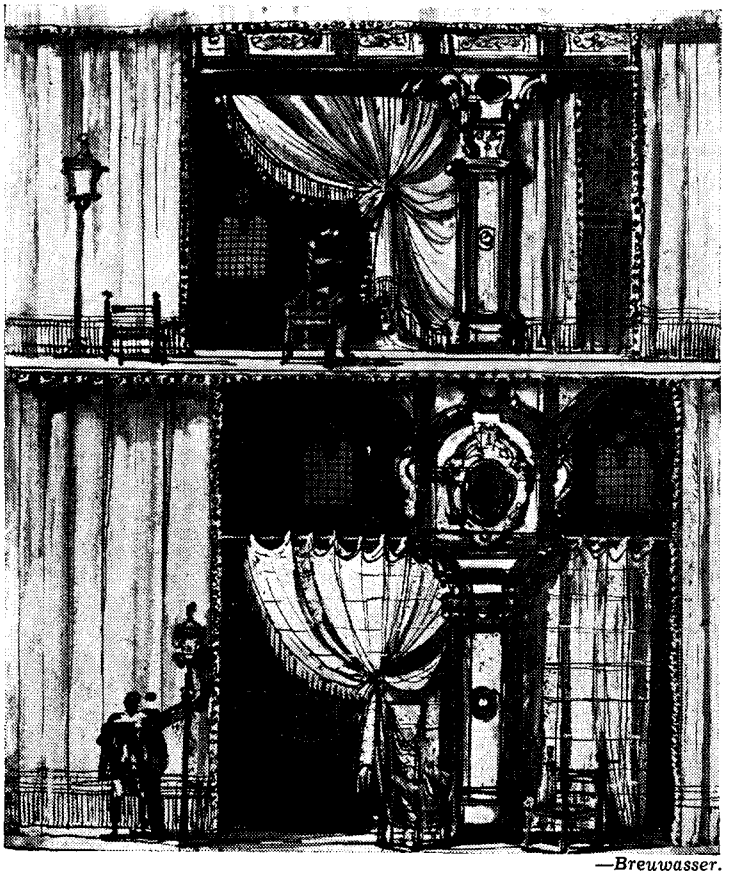
These and some other facets of modern creative working mark the essential difference between the happy, almost innocent spirit of the eighteenth century and our time. Maybe only such a protean figure as Picasso, with his tremendous vitality and his enviable joie de vivre and joie de créer can escape such dilemmas and such anguish as other artists are facing today. And there is another factor too—the loss of professional ability. In many ways we know so much less, technically and professionally, because no canons, no standards, no traditions have survived in a way that is still acceptable and efficient to the modern mind. So much of what still clings to tradition and to former standards of excellence has become dead letter or has degenerated into such antiquated and corrupt forms and practices that almost anything that reminds the spectator of familiar art forms seems immediately highly suspect—and in many cases, justly so.

Almost everything today requires re-examination, re-discovery of values and new experimentation, even when the acknowledged purpose is to go back for inspiration to a formality of art forms created in previous epochs. Even in the theatre you cannot simply copy styles of paintings, architecture, furnishings, and costumes of the eighteenth century, of the Renaissance, or of any other period—not if you want to give a creative interpretation of these periods in terms of the modern theatre. These aspects have to be re-lived, re-experienced, re-created with the taste, critical sense, and awareness of our time, with all the frailty of our nervous system and with the tremendous baggage of information which we can muster today on any subject, any period, any locality. Never before did we have so much material to confront us, to confuse us, and to drive us to despair.

And that is one of the main reasons why it does not seem disproportionate to me to "waste" one whole year on a single theatrical venture, and why I simply could not face doing it any other, simpler or speedier way.

THERE are other reasons, too, for the slowness and complexity of my work. In Russia, in Central Europe, in France, and other European countries since the turn of the century, theatrical design has been taken out of the hands of the professional scene designers and become the property of leading modern painters. The most significant and brilliant contribution to that school of thought was made by the late Diaghilev and his famous Ballet Russe. After having promoted and brought to Europe the then-most novel and unorthodox theatrical design by Bakst, Golovine, Benois, Larionov, and Gontcharova, Diaghilev quickly turned from these Russian decorative schools and commissioned

(*Continued on page* 63)



—*Brewwasser.*

"Two Variations," by Eugene Berman, on Act II, Scene IV of "Don Giovanni."

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OPERATIC BAEDEKER

The opera-lover is a special breed of musical enthusiast whose ranks have included such diverse celebrities as E. M. Forster, Ivan Turgeniev, Romain Rolland, Edward Sackville-West, and Thomas Mann. George R. Marek, who is himself deeply dyed in its gore and glory, has compiled (in "The World Treasury of Grand Opera," Harper) a collection of writings by these and several dozens more which will acquaint even the best informed with some choice items he has not stumbled on previously. The following are excerpts from Marek's introductions to the principal genres of opera, with recommended recordings (by the Editor) of works represented in this year's Met repertory.

By GEORGE MAREK

ITALIAN OPERA: She is fascinating. She is beautiful. Yet many consider her features too regular for complete beauty, her mien too soft for enduring loveliness. She is eager as a child to give pleasure. Yet there are some who find that she is overeager and that she dispenses her favors a little too readily. She is capable of noble and composed emotion, of aristocratic behavior in the presence of sadness. Yet at other times and for not completely convincing reasons she becomes overwrought. Then she dashes with quick steps into all four corners of the room, she pulls her hair, she sobs and sheds thick, glossy tears, tears more sweet than salty. Her actions do not always make sense; at times they seem unreasonable. Yet her behavior follows a logic of its own. She will renounce a good man who has committed only the slightest of discourtesies toward her and yet will be faithful to a lover who persists in offending her, who commits the most boorish infidelities, and who is unattractive to boot. She is likely to swoon at a slight brawl, but she is also likely to look with equanimity on the sight of a gory battlefield. She is passionately fond of masquerades and adores dressing up in various costumes, being sure each time that she is not going to be recognized. She shares with other females a love for beautiful clothes, for stylish pageantry and for jewels. She is not infallible in distinguishing diamonds from paste. She is almost always interested in love, but she is by no means capable of sexual love only. She believes that all mothers are good, all white-haired people worthy of respect. She meditates on disease and is especially sympathetic to tubercular patients. But she can at once drive away her morbid thoughts and can smile and be gay. Her voice is her best feature. She has it under control at all times, she uses it with complete skill. She whispers adorably, she pleads irresistibly, she commands majestically, and she tells a story well. When she is in a tight situation, she uses that voice; it touches our hearts and we come to her aid. But once in a while that voice, so seraphic, so supple, and so warm, rises to a shrillness and breaks out in accents of vulgarity which make us suspect that she has spent a considerable part of her life in the marketplace. She is loved by many people; indeed, people of the most diverse tastes, education, temperament, nationality, and degree of worldliness are united in pronouncing her charms. A man can be a simpleton and love her; a man can be a scholar and love her still. Yet there are some reasonable and knowledgeable people who despise her and, worse still, find her boring.

This is Italian opera.

"AIDA." *London XLLA 13 (Tebaldi, del Monaco).*
"ANDREA CHENIER." *Cetra 1244 (Tebaldi, Savarese).*
"BARBER OF SEVILLE." *London XLLA 51 (Simionato, Corena, Siepi).*
"BOHEME, LA." *Angel (Callas, di Stefano, see page 51.)*
"DON GIOVANNI." *Victor LCT 6102 (Busch, Glyndebourne cast).*
"FORZA DEL DESTINO." *London XLLA 37 (Tebaldi, del Monaco, etc.).*
"GIANNI SCHICCHI." *Cetra 50028 (Taddei).*
"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." *Angel 35038-39 (Callas, di Stefano, Serafin).*
"MADAMA BUTTERFLY." *RCA Victor LM 6121 (V.de los Angeles, di Stefano).*
"NOZZE DI FIGARO." *London XLLA 35 (Kleiber conducting, with Siepi, Gueden, Corena).*
"ORFEO." *No satisfactory recording.*
"OTELLO." *RCA Victor LM 6107 (Toscanini conducting with Nelli, Vinay).*
"TOSCA." *London XLLA 660-1 (Tebaldi, Campora).*
"LA TRAVIATA." *Victor LM 6003 (Toscanini conducting, with Albanese, Peerce, Merrill).*

FRENCH OPERA: The nation which contributed Voltaire to satire, Descartes to cool reason, Cézanne to painting, Racine to measured verse, and practically all there is to know to the knowledge of good food, has contributed relatively little to opera. Opera does not spring naturally from the Gallic soul, nor does it rest securely in the French heart. Why is it that so great a difference exists in the operatic climate in two neighboring countries, France and Italy, countries which in other arts and habits and ways of looking at life show many similarities? No completely satisfactory explanation can be brought forth—for mysteries and contradictions reside in nations as well as in individuals—but perhaps we can come near the mark by remembering the essential nature of the French mind—rational, logical, realistic, humorous, and quick to observe absurdities. In France to wear one's heart on one's sleeve is the habit of a simpleton. The obvious is suspect. In music, as well as literature, the French idea lies in subtlety, in the blended nuance, in twice-distilled refinement. At its worst this tendency produces salon pieces and Colette's novelettes, at its best Proust and Debussy. Such an environment is not the right one for the big climax and the strong situation which opera demands. Nor has the favorite French verse form, the Alexandrine, and the tradition of speaking and singing verse in a special way, with the final *e* pronounced, been helpful to dramatic singing. More important, the French are purists and like their arts unmixed.Whatever the reasons, French opera did not begin as an art of the people. French opera was not born as popular entertainment in the popular theatres of small and large towns.

Once we have conjectured, however, the historical reasons why France did not produce a Verdi or a Wagner, we must make room for the exceptions, important and valuable exceptions though few in number, and we must note the paradox that one opera, as stageworthy as any work of Puccini and as strong as all but the greatest works of Verdi, was a French work. That opera was, of course, "Carmen."

Along with its internationally minded grand opera, there grew up in France a form of opera peculiarly French, French in charm and softness, French in the refinement of the mixture of virtue and fault, sadness and merriment, sweetness and scorn, superficiality and insight. That is the *opéra comique*. The *opéra comique* is a lyric opera of smaller proportions, not necessarily and indeed not primarily a comic opera, but one which at first combined music with

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spoken dialogue. It developed as a kind of antidote against the pomposities of the grand form, and it stood between the grand opera and the operetta, of which lighthearted and fluttering form the chief practitioners were Daniel Auber, Ferdinand Hérold, Adolphe Adam, and—most successful, most melodious, and cleverest of all—Jacques Offenbach, who, after entertaining the Paris of the Second Empire with such ebullient works as "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein" and "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Périchole," rose to one grand opera, or almost grand, one combining elements of the tragic, the fantastic, and of the operetta, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." Here again we must observe that Offenbach, the most French of the French light composers, was born at Cologne, the son of a Jewish cantor. Paris was (and still is) a magnet for talent. So powerful is it as a mentor that the immigrant soon speaks idiomatic French.

It is then in the *opéra comique* that we find the truest expression of the French genius, its ability to delight us in a theatre which makes no exorbitant claims on our mental capacities.

"CARMEN." *RCA Victor LM 6102 (Reiner conducting, with R. Stevens, J. Peerce, etc.).*
"FAUST." *RCA Victor LM 1825 (Los Angeles, Gedda, Christoff).*
"PERICHOLE." *RCA Victor LOC 1029 (Munsel, Uppmann, Ritchard).*
"SAMSON." *No satisfactory recording.*

GERMAN OPERA: From the time in the seventeenth century when a certain Johann Wolfgang Franck (no ancestor of César Franck and no relation to Johann Wolfgang Goethe) began to compose fourteen operas, down to the latest product of Carl Orff, there have been presented in the German opera houses, large and small, provincial or attended by cosmopolitan guests, as many different operas as have come and gone across the boards of Italy. We are a little astonished by this productivity. We think of Italy as the field in which operas are harvested. We imagine that in whatever corner of Parnassus operatic composers congregate, the prevailing language would be Italian. It appears that on our visit there we will be asked, "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*"

Whom would we meet in this spectral company? Talents earnest but limited, musicians careful but uninspiring, composers punctilious but plodding, men whose operas are unseasoned with that dash of trivial spice which makes even a second-rate Italian opera palatable. We would hear them talk of lofty purposes, of presenting "Duty" ("*Pflicht*," a favorite German word); but the music is like to induce a yawn. German opera has used a quantity of green scenery representing forest and glade, but the green is a bit dusty and the foliage appears dry.

Except—! Except in the exceptions, the creations of a very few geniuses. All at once we leap to the heights, we hear the most inspired of music, we find ourselves—almost without knowing how we got there, almost without historic logic, taken as it were by surprise—in the presence of works which we can count among the richest legacies of the artistic spirit of *any* nation.

Hundreds of German operas, dozens of composers are drowned in oblivion. What remains? For all practical purposes, German opera, as it is still given in the world's opera houses, can be enumerated by counting composers on the fingers of one hand. Five suffice: Mozart, Beethoven (he of course with only one opera), Weber, Wagner, and Richard Strauss. In English-speaking countries even this list would be pared to Mozart, Wagner, and Richard Strauss. Nor is the condition very different in the Fatherland.

The current native repertoire of German opera houses is almost equally limited. Operatic taste in Germany is turning toward the Italians. The statistics of performances in West Germany of the 1954-1955 season show that "Hänsel und Gretel" was the opera most frequently performed, with 251 performances. ("Hänsel und Gretel" is of course a special favorite of children, and as such to be considered outside the regular repertoire.) The next was "Butterfly" with 246 performances, the third "Bohème," 225, the fourth "Aïda," and the fifth "Figaro." Lortzing's "Zar und Zimmermann" held the sixth position; it is a romantic, light opera popular in Germany though virtually unknown outside.

But never mind popularity and current tastes: it is still true that what remains after the inexorable melting down by history is the purest gold. Now we are permitted to mention Mozart's name; we can enjoy ourselves without reserve, without fatigue, without cessation. As long as the sense of beauty remains, so long will we continue to listen in wonder and in admiration to "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro."

Now, too, appears Richard Wagner, the arrogant oracle who a generation ago stood on the high place, who now has come down a step or two, but who nonetheless, and with all the rebellion and irritation that his music may evoke, remains an overwhelming phenomenon.

Why is it that the peaks in the Teutonic range are so high amid so flat a terrain? One cause may lie in the German tendency to imitation, an adoption of and respect for foreign forms, against which tendency the Germans react from time to time with an exaggerated shudder—only to revert to it after the turmoil. For many years the opera houses of the small disjointed German states demanded works which were reworkings of the Italian *opera buffa* or of the French ballet opera. In Saxony as well as in the more cosmopolitan Vienna there were performed—to be sure with less expensive scenery, less elaborate costumes, and less graceful dancing—operas that came as near as possible to those to be heard in Paris or in Naples. In Mozart's time the successful opera composer was he who could concoct a dish with imported ingredients. The taste of the public and the court was hardly propitious to the development of a native art. Only the strongest could dare it. Even in Beethoven's time, when German symphonic music had already made its mark, Vienna wanted Rossini and nothing but Rossini.

But Mozart did succeed. He who mastered almost every form gave his best music to opera. What Bernard Shaw said of one of the arias in "The Magic Flute"—"that is the only music which would sound well in the mouth of God"—could be said of most of the music of "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni." Aside from gracious loveliness and spry beauty, Mozart's contribution to opera is unique because he possessed to the highest degree two abilities, his ability at characterization and his skill at dramatic architecture.

"PARSIFAL." *London XLLA 10 (Knappertsbusch conducting Bayreuth cast: Weber, Mödl, Windgassen).*
"ROSENKAVALIER." *Angel 3563 (Schwarzkopf, etc. See page 50).*
"SALOME." *London XLLA 1038-9 (Goltz, Patzak, Clemens, Krauss).*
"TRISTAN." *RCA Victor LM 6700 (Furtwaengler, conducting, with Flagstad).*
"WALKÜRE." *No complete version.*
OTHERS: "EUGENE ONEGIN." *Westminster XWN 1303. Bolshoi cast.*
"VANESSA." *Not recorded.*

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HISTORIC "FRAU," BRILLIANT "ROSENKAVALIER"

EVER since its first production in Vienna in 1919, presentations of Richard Strauss's "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" have been historic events, as William Mann reminds us in his excellent annotation for the present issue, first-time-ever-on-records. Those who did not happen to hear it in Salzburg in 1932, or Munich in 1954 (perhaps Buenos Aires in 1949?) would have, largely speaking, been denied the opportunity to make its acquaintance at all. Requiring a tremendous scenic outlay, as well as an enormous cast of first-class singers, it is nothing to be undertaken save with the utmost care. (The Metropolitan missed it because it was not doing German opera when it was new, and it elected the newer "Die Aegyptische Helena," instead, in 1927).

The more honor, then, to London for putting itself out to provide the manpower (and money) to record, on ten sides (XLLA-46, $14.95), the Vienna revival for the opening of the new Opera House in 1955. The immediate impression is one of dazzlement and discovery that there should be so much beautiful operatic music in the world that one has not heard before. The second reaction must be that the legends of the "old, tired" Strauss attached to everything after "Ariadne" must be labeled one of the balder fictions of musical criticism.

Allusions have been made to "Frau Ohne Schatten" as the "Zauberflöte" of Strauss and Hugo von Hoffmansthal, his literary collaborator, but these are, to say the least, far fetched. The "woman" of the title is a Princess, her lack of a "shadow" the inability to bear a child. The Emperor to whom she is married seeks to have one of his humbler subjects renounce her "shadow" in order to provide him with an heir. The action of the long, involved tale concerns the tempting (by a messenger) of a dyer's wife with riches and honors to give up her "shadow," to which she consents. Her husband's threat to kill her is conveyed to the Princess, who rejects the offer.

The spirits now take command, in a mysterious underworld where the Emperor is turned to stone for his selfishness, and the dyer and his wife wander about, unable to find each other. In the end, when the Princess has resisted every temptation to acquire a "shadow," she is rewarded. The spirits grant her the ability to bear children.

Much of the total effect of the work rests on the shoulders, and voice, of the Princess, which is performed in this recording with astonishing virtuosity and power by Leonie Rysanek. The steel-like sheath of her tone cuts the orchestra with ease, and it has a shining metallic surface which rings in the ear for minutes after the work ends. Elisabeth Höngen, as the intermediary between persons of high and low degree, is excellent for dramatic point, but the trying *tessitura* of her part makes for some unpleasant sounds. Something of the same sort may be said about tenor Hans Hopf as the Emperor. For the rest, however, there are only tales of glory to be told: Paul Schoeffler is excellent as the husband to impassioned Christel Goltz, the cast otherwise virtually a roster of Viennese talent: Emmy Loose, Judith Hellwig, Alfred Poell, Eberhard Wächter, Kurt Böhme, Anny Felbermayer, and Hilde Rössl-Majdan, among many others.

For conductor Karl Böhm this is the peak achievement of a notable career, a work of love carried out with full understanding and artistry. The Vienna Philharmonic is also a principal element in the quality result, for in addition to its lavish sound against the voices, it rises to triumphant heights in the extended orchestral interludes with which the score is systematically provided. The version, incidentally, is complete save for a cut of pages 342-350 in the piano score (already marked by an unknown hand in the copy I borrowed from the library, indicating it is "conventional"). Superlatives for London's engineers have perhaps made them jaded, but the natural tints in this sunburst of sound calls for a new round of toasts to all concerned.

THE concurrent appearance of a new "Rosenkavalier" from Angel (Album 3563, $20.92) provides us with an even longer vista of Strauss's manifold talents. With Herbert van Karajan conducting, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Teresa Stich-Randall, Otto Edelmann, and Eberhard Waechter in the key roles, it is indeed the best of the best—the best balanced phonographic version of the best balanced operatic work Strauss ever wrote. Save for some of his Wagnerian efforts, this is Karajan's best, too, to my taste: more authentic in accent, more assured in procedures than his Verdi or Mozart. There have been lighter "Rosenkavalier" conceptions, others of greater sentiment, but taken altogether it is the best extended treatment the work has yet had on discs.

Fortunately, Karajan and his associates did not undertake this sizable task until they had a string of beautifully matched voices, with no weak one anywhere, to complement the numerous fine ones of the Philharmonia Orchestra. Schwarzkopf as the Marschallin and Edelmann as Ochs are fairly inescapable choices, each being close to the top among present-day interpreters of these roles. It was by no means such an easy choice to find a proper Octavian, but in young Christa Ludwig we have perhaps the next great exponent of this difficult part. In vocal characterization, clean enunciation of text, and aptness of sound she strikes me as the finest new performer of the part since Risë Stevens. Stich-Randall as Sophie does all she has to do very well, likewise Eberhard Waechter as Faninal.

Failing a full-length version with Lotte Lehmann, it is singular good fortune to have a Marschallin from Schwarzkopf, who has absorbed so much of the atmosphere, nay the inflection of that great impersonation. Perhaps it is a clue to the kind of Marschallin Schwarzkopf sings that she is at her best when other people are on stage, less so when she is alone with her soliloquies (in which a striving for dramatic effect sometimes leads her into perilous paths), but when a performer is so very good as this one, let us suspend quibbles. The three women collaborate in a version of the trio that is one of the glories of present-day reproduced sound, with Karajan floating the voices on waves of wonderfully sustained orchestral tone.

I may add that the Edelmann Ochs is a more illusive one on discs than it is in the theatre, for the questionable action he has thus far offered in the part does not distract from the excellence of his singing. Nicolai Gedda sings the Italian air in Act I (not as well as one had anticipated); but it is depressing to find so outstanding an artist as Ljuba Welitch reduced, by vocal limitations, to the character part of Marianne. The total sound throughout has a true Vienna patina, which seems the highest praise that could be found for an enterprise accomplished in London.

—I. K.

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BELLINI, PUCCINI, CALLAS

DURING 1831, two operas by Vincenzo Bellini were given successful *premières* in Milan: "La Sonnambula" on March 6, "Norma" on December 26. The two operas, though immediately recognizable as works of the same composer, differ greatly. "Norma," with its ceremonial grandeur, is almost grand opera; "La Sonnambula" stops in a more intimate atmosphere, supplying, instead of the heroics of "Norma" a touching, feminine quality that is all but unique. This was the quality that Giuditta Pasta made synonymous with her own name and that of the opera's heroine, Amina, more than a century and a quarter ago. It was the quality that Maria Meneghini Callas evidently felt it her task to re-create when recording "La Sonnambula" at La Scala (Angel 3568, $14.98). Here Callas shines with extraordinary radiance, not only because she is, as always, an inspired singing actress, but also, unfortunately, because neither the conducting of Antonino Votto nor the singing of her colleagues (except that of Nicalo Zaccaria as the Count) shines at all. The recording is complete except where the villainous Lisa is arbitrarily deprived of her aria *"De' lieti auguri"* and where a second of the second act quartet, beginning with Elvino's *"Lisa! mendace anch'essa"* has been cut.

How Callas creates the genuinely innocent and sweet (and, be it admitted, somewhat insipid) character of the sleepwalking Amina could probably be analyzed. Already her purely musical means are plain. She does what Bellini asked: she never mistakes an eight note for a sixteenth, an A for a C, a rest for slur, a piano for a mezzo-forte. She does not insist upon shining when she is singing with others: her courtesy to her colleagues is absolute because she behaves as if she were Amina and they were Elvino, Lisa, the Count, and Teresa, and all of them were in life rather than in opera. Felice Romani, expert librettist though he was, did not squeeze much drama from (or insert unnecessarily subtle touches into) this almost-tragedy of a somnambulist bride whose husband finds her asleep in a stranger's room. But Bellini, with his genius or pathetic melody, went way beyond Romani. And because Callas has the vocal ability and the insight to believe more in Bellini than in Romani, this recording is an enchanting and moving experience, however minor it may seem beside an equally well-performed "Norma" or even "I Puritani."

Another new Callas recording seems to me to be an event of genuine importance. (At this point, for its bearing on what follows, I must insert a sentence of self-revelation. I am not a devotee of Puccini, for though I can often get pleasure from "Tosca," "Gianni Schicchi," and especially "Turandot," I have not really cared much for "La Bohème" or "Madama Butterfly.") In a theatrical sense, I have never been able to believe in "La Bohème"—either in the sentimental tragedy derived from Murger by Giacosa and Illica or in the clever score with which Puccini clothed it—until I listened to the new recording (Angel 3560, $9.98) conducted by Antonino Votto, with Callas as Mimi, Anna Moffo as Musetta, Giuseppe di Stefano in excellent voice as Rodolfo, Rolando Penerai as Marcello, Nicola Zaccaria as Colline, and Manuel Spatafora as Schaunard. Suddenly, because everyone without exception seems to me the best singing actor I have ever heard in his role, I find myself believing not only in Murger via Giacosa and Illica, but also in Puccini. This version of "La Bohème" creates new standards.

I have found it increasingly difficult to be patient with those who "don't like" or "just can't stand" Maria Callas. After hearing her Mimi, I shall have even less patience. For here she not only performs her customary miracle of creating an unseen character by sheer musical intelligence, but also sings meltingly enough to dissolve the stone heart of a statue. Because Callas believes in Mimi tentative, Mimi in love, Mimi sad, and Mimi dying—and because she sings with deep musicality (which includes a true musician's sense of the musical line and the musical phrase), she makes Mimi a real person. I can pay no higher compliment to Antonino Votto than that of saying that he has caught fire from Callas, no more admiring tribute to Miss Moffo and Messrs. di Stefano, Panerai, Zaccaria, and Spatafora than that of saying that they are worthy of their Mimi. Everything about this recording is exactly right including the fact that it is complete and that the accompanying notes by Mosco Carner, the Puccini authority, are excellent.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

* * *

RECORD makers, long committed to preserving operas in integral form, appear to be content with near-completeness in the field of the "classical" operetta. Two-record sets are standard here, limiting recorded content to slightly less than two hours, with the attendant loss of some musical material, practically all spoken dialogue, and a total sense of continuity. Some say that operetta stories are generally pretty confusing, and that the end result may benefit by surgery. Economic considerations are also cited as a factor, for complete performances will necessarily mean higher prices. Still, I find it difficult to believe that a market that affords third-rate operas intact should resign itself to abridged versions of the best in operetta. All this and one additional point was brought to mind on listening to the recent Vanguard recording of Johann Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron" (VRS 486/7, $9.96): If abridgements are unavoidable, why can't at least the *complete* libretto be included with the package, with omitted passages marked appropriately? This would throw light on many a hazy plot, and make home listening infinitely more enjoyable.

With these observations off the chest, it remains to be emphasized that Vanguard's version of the buoyant Strauss score is delightfully presented, challenging, if not quite surpassing, the previous high standard set by London (XLL 418/19). Chief credit for the enterprise should probably go to Anton Paulik's spirited leadership. The Vienna State Opera chorus and orchestra perform as if they had been playing this music all their lives—which is of course exactly the case. The singers form an admirable ensemble in which the only international "star"—Erich Kunz—appears in the relatively minor role of Homonay, performing with fine gusto. Waldemar Kmentt and Gerda Scheyrer are an attractive pair of lovers with fresh voices and good style, lacking only a final measure of assurance for complete identification with their parts. Emmy Loose is an excellent Arsena, Kurt Preger a comical Zsupán, and the minor parts are all competently handled. Act I suffers by the omission of an important scene and a slightly inaccurate libretto. But what is heard is thoroughly enjoyable, with a consistently good sound.

—GEORGE JELLINEK.

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Recordings in Review

The New Tchaikowsky

RAVEL: *"Gaspard de la Nuit,"* PROKOFIEV: *"Visions Fugitives." André Tchaikowsky, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2145, $3.98.

AS THE CITATION of the repertory will suggest, there is more to be learned from this disc about the fingers than the heart of the young pianist whose American debut occurs concurrently with the release of his first recording. Particularly insofar as "Gaspard de la Nuit" is concerned, the fingers have to be capable of delicacy as well as incisiveness, finesse as well as force. It is the revelation of this excellent recording from France that a pianist of major power has come to join the ranks of those who really count.

Just about to turn twenty-three, Tchaikowsky (the spelling reflects his Polish origin) lived and studied in Paris during the war years, entering the State School of Music in Lodz in 1945. He returned to Paris three years later and won the 1956 Queen Elizabeth competition in Brussels. All these things are to the good, but the best things about him are those to be heard from the forceful, dynamically varied and musically absorbing performances on this disc.

I wouldn't say that Tchaikowsky gets as much out of "Le Gibet" as this mystical, moody piece contains, but if he did, now, what would be the challenge for the future? He does demonstrate, however, every latent capacity for matching that challenge in the future. As for the "Visions Fugitives," they are articulated within a whisper of their sharp-edged contours, and with a certain driving intensity of style not unlike that of Horowitz himself. Certainly his "Scarbo" shows that he is no cautious precisionist, but a really daring young man on the pianistic trapeze.

Tchaikowsky—"musically absorbing."

Britten's "Pagodas"

BRITTEN: *"The Prince of the Pagodas." Benjamin Britten conducting the orchestra of the Royal Opera House.* London LL 1690-1, $7.96.

FOR NO READILY apparent reason, this recording conveys much more esteem for the music in Britten's score than the recent live performances with the Royal Ballet in the Metropolitan Opera House did. Certainly the orchestral performance has much more certainty and assurance than the one directed by Robert Irving, but that is only part of the story. The other part is that, whatever its merits as a musical creation, it works much better alone than it does with John Cranko's choreography.

This is by no means true of all musically interesting ballet scores, from Copland's "Billy the Kid" to Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." Some which bend the knee excessively to choreographic demands suffer immeasurably when performed alone: others (the Tchaikovsky scores, for example) function admirably one way or the other. Britten's belongs to the class in which the musical care and craftsmanship of the composer possess their own validity for concert purposes, but whose musical thickness, earthbound weight and lack of rhythmic variety oppose rather than encourage the counter-motion of ballet.

The matter of musical weight is important, for there is a good deal of puffed out writing for the lower wind instruments (tubas, trombones, bassoons and horns seem to be involved in this) which discourages transparency in the recording. Doubtless, this has something to do with the crawling character of the salamander in whose guise the Prince is repeatedly seen, but it is of a size and thickness more appropriate to the dragon in "Siegfried" than to a mere salamander. The sum of it is that there is a good deal that is characteristically Britten in "The Prince of the Pagodas," but it would, all told, make a better impression as a compact suite for orchestra than it did in the theatre or at full length on this recording. Save for the disadvantages previously noted, the recording is skillfully achieved.

Six by Bartók

BARTÓK: *Quartets Nos. 1-6. Parrenin Quartet.* Westminster XWN 18531-3. $11.94.

WHAT MIGHT be described as a process of illumination in reverse where the works of Bartók are concerned continues with the appearance of this third recorded treatment of the six quartets. That is to say, the design and purpose of the middle quartets (No. 3 of 1927 and No. 4 of 1928) are apt to mean much more now than they did when the last-period "Concerto for Orchestra," the Concerto for Violin, and the Piano Concerto No. 3 were unfamiliar. Nos. 1 and 2 are clearly preparatory, the last two (1934, 1939) part of the same complex mental processes which we hear finally clarified in the "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" as well as those later works mentioned above.

Thus, each new exposure, through the eyes and ears of different interpreters, adds something to the sum of knowledge about their content. If the Parrenin group does not have the dynamic enthusiasm of the playing by the Juilliard Quartet (on Columbia 4278,79,80) or the rhythmic incisiveness of the Végh performances (on Angel 35240,41,42) it has a sense of lyric line which unravels some hitherto obscure details.

What is most absorbing, however, is to encounter in the first two quartets some concepts of writing—the usage of repetition, short fragments developed into whirling climaxes, and sharp chordal interjections—which attained fuller meaning in the works which now impress us as the best of Bartók. Certainly it is additional evidence (if any were required) that Bartók strove throughout his life toward the same objective, always seeing it more clearly as his craft developed. The Vega (English) recording is competent, though not equal to Westminster's own best standard.

Hats Off to "Drop of a Hat"

FLANDERS-SWANN: *"At the Drop of a Hat." Michael Flanders and Donald Swann.* Angel 65042, $3.98.

ADMIRERS of the humors native to such people as A. A. Milne, Beatrice Lillie, and Noel Coward will find the letter of some and the spirit of all in this delightful collection of sense and nonsense. As readers of RECORDINGS have already been advised (by Thomas Heinitz in a recent report here),

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Flanders and Swann are the co-authors and sole performers of a revue which has been running at London's Fortune Theatre for months and months.

Why that should be so is abundantly clear from this transcript of an actual performance in which, for once, the applause does not seem forced and the laughter comes without prompting. The contents are as topical as an item called "Satellite Moon" (unfortunately, the team could not forsee that the Russians were going to put the word Sputnik into the language), or as recondite as a mockumentation (documentation, plus mockery) of the composition of "Greensleeves." It is quite possible that "I'm a Gnu" might become an American radio favorite, as the "Hippopotamus Song" already has in England.

As for assigning proper performance credits, one can only say that the bespectacled one, Swann, plays the piano, and the bearded one, Flanders, sings. This is all very well when only one voice is heard, but some of the funniest moments are duets in which both participate. Perhaps the clue to the nature of it all is provided by the sleeve commentary stating: "Success has not changed them, they are still the same arrogant, self-opinionated pair they always were." And, as the record attests, with good reason.

THE OPERA BAG

Argenta on "Goyescas"

GRANADOS: *"Goyescas." Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orquesta Nacional of Madrid with Consuela Rubio, Ana Maria Iriarte, Gines Torrano, and Manuel Ausensi.* London XLL 1698, $4.98.

AMID THE outpouring of operatic works noted elsewhere in this issue, there should be a place of prominence for the modest charm of "Goyescas," especially as performed by a Spanish cast under the direction of Argenta. It is local gospel (based on the accident that the world premiere occurred at the Metropolitan in 1916) that the work was unworthy of the composer, in that category of operatic "failures" which is all too large.

As we have learned from many other instances, what does not hold the attention in the theatre is not necessarily devoid of interest for the home listener. He is, for one thing, more receptive to pure musical values than a miscellaneous group of opera goers, and can readily compensate—through attention to verbal values—for the action (or lack of it) he can't see in any case. When the case is complicated by a national style (as in Tchaikovsky, Moniuszko, Dvorak, Janacek, or Cherubini) then it is clear that what may be caviare to the general operagoer may just be to the specialized listener's taste.

It is particularly evident from Argenta's treatment of Granados that without the flexibility of tempi his music requires, the easy give and take of phrasing, the languorous swell of accent, it would lack at least half of its proper appeal. With such indoctrinated singers as Rubio and Iriarte, Torrano and Ausensi, it is rewarding listening on all sides of the famous intermezzo. Each suits his role admirably, and the end-product is one of the most enjoyable hours of music recently encountered. Surprisingly good sound.

Marred "Marriage"

MOZART: *"Le Nozze di Figaro." Sena Jurinac, Rita Streich, Christa Ludwig, Paul Schoeffler, and Walter Berry, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Karl Böhm.* Epic 6022, $14.94.

IF ONE WERE going to compose, from presently available talent, a group of female voices with an ideal blend for the roles of the Countess, Susanna, and Cherubino one could do much worse than Mmes. Jurinac, Streich, and Ludwig. Each has fine vocal purity, a sense of characterization, a refined conception of Mozart style. Thus, the Jurinac "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" are a model of what they should sound like, likewise Streich's "Deh vieni" and the two arias of Ludwig, a new singer with a delightfully pliant mezzo voice (see "Rosenkavalier" on page 50).

However, they are poorly paired with the dull-voiced Berry and the gruff, if always competent Schoeffler. Indeed, the least suitable of the male personnel involved is, unfortunately, Karl Böhm, who is methodical from start to finish, quite without distinction and, mostly, animation also. Beside the confections and wine Kleiber serves in his "Figaro" Böhm's is bread and water—and not very fresh at that.

The more pity, then, that the Epic engineers have reproduced all this with a penetrating clarity and a resonant fullness that makes its good moments a delight to hear. However, a cast of "Figaro" is a mutually indivisible thing, and all the silver plating applied by Jurinac and Streich to their ensembles with Berry and Schoeffler cannot conceal the brass beneath.

All "Star" Rigoletto

VERDI: *"Rigoletto." Roberta Peters, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill, and Giorgi Tozzi, with the Rome Opera House and Chorus conducted by Jonel Perlea.* RCA Victor LM 6051, $7.98.

THOSE WHO are partial to the Gilda of Roberta Peters, the Duke of Jussi Bjoerling or the Rigoletto of Robert Merrill will find them here brightly reproduced with an abundance of the value possible in present day recordings. Those who are primarily interested in the "Rigoletto" of Verdi will find less of it here in full flower than they might have anticipated.

Various people will assign various reasons for this: my inclination is to place the responsibility on the lack of cohesive force in Jonel Perlea's conducting. There are vigorous passages in his work, and some expressive ones: close attention will disclose, however, that most of these are when he is working with the orchestra alone, or with the minor principals. Merrill sings his Rigoletto pretty much as he pleases, which is mostly with a burly rather than a beautiful sound, Miss Peters holds her high tones *a piacere*, and Bjoerling squeezes his C in "La donna e mobile" until it becomes almost a caricature of an operatic effect.

One can isolate much beautiful singing among the three principals (not to mention Tozzi), but Bjoerling is hard put to produce a light sound in Acts 1 and 2 (in this version) where Miss Peters is at her best. In the latter phases, her voice lacks the dramatic impact to carry proper weight in the duets with "father" Merrill. Moreover, if RCA wants us to admire the fourth act in the Toscanini version issued last winter, they can hardly expect us to accept the more tepid drama of this one as real Verdi.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3. Cleveland Symphony Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Epic LC 3385, $3.98.	There is so much that is truly exemplary about this performance it is regrettable that the recommendation can be only a partial one. Szell draws a comprehensive blueprint of virtually every subtlety the score contains, and the orchestra executes it (so far as I can hear) faultlessly. Moreover the reproduced sound is outstanding for clarity and sheen. As an emotional communication, however, this "Eroica" is a rather confined, unconvincing statement of the turmoil and exaltation in this score, though one is often turned from such considerations by the sheer excellence of the execution.
Beethoven: "Leonore" No. 2 overture; Mozart: Symphony No. 25 in G minor; Berlioz: Overture to "Waverly." Nikolai Rabinovitch conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic. Liberty SWL 15002, $3.98.	Rabinovitch's is a new name to me among Soviet conductors (and apparently to the annotator also, who omits any reference to him) but he is a musician of decisive impulses and strong control of this fine orchestra. The Mozart "moves" from first to last, though the string sound is rougher than we prefer in such music. The climax of the Beethoven is almost too impetuous, the Berlioz overture also forthright. Mechanical means appear to have been used to enhance the original tape, the resulting sound having a good deal of clarity but also a little shallowness.
Couperin: "L'Apothéose de Lully." Corrette: Concerto in G. Maurice Hewitt conducting the Hewitt Orchestra, with Lucien Lavaillotte, André Sagnier, and Georges Boo, flutes. Epic LC 3383, $3.98.	The opportunity to hear the eleven pieces grouped under the title "L'Apothéose de Lully" is a prizable one, especially as the orchestral version by Louis Saguer is previously unknown to me. He has done very well in providing varied tonal colorations for the music originally written as "trio sonatas." However the Hewitt ensemble is not up to its usual standards of accuracy in intonation and ensemble, due perhaps to the unfamiliar style of the material. It does much better by the lively concerto with three solo flutes by the early 18th century Corrette.
Glière: "Ilya Murometz." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5189, $3.98.	As is rather well known, a full performance of this work runs to 70-odd minutes, which is still beyond the content of two twelve inch sides, though these contain more than fifty minutes of music. There is no indication of abbreviation on the sleeve or in the annotation (which is wholly silent about the music) which might lead a purchaser to wonder why Westminster (W 2212) requires three sides for what Columbia can do on two. I have no brief for a lengthy "Murometz" (it is certainly full of repetition) but the consumer is entitled to know how much, if less than all, of a work he is getting. The performance is full of majestic colors and dazzling performance, the reproduction close to Columbia's best.
Grieg: "Lyric Suite," Dvořak: "Slavonic Dances" (Nos. 11-16). Nicolai Malko conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2107, $3.98.	Malko's performance of Grieg does not quite qualify for the exalted areas achieved by the late Erik Tuxen in his fanciful, finely shaped treatment (London 1313) but it has distinctions of its own, especially the excellencies contributed by the Philharmonia personnel. The sequence of dances avoids the most familiar ones, and is probably derived from a more extensive collection. The open, full recording is an aural pleasure in both instances.
Holst: "The Planets." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic, with members of the Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol P 8389, $3.98.	The course of these heavenly bodies in their orbit has long been familiar to Stokowski, though he has not had the opportunity previously to share that knowledge with the disc public. Capitol has given him every technical assistance to the end of a high fidelity recording that marks a new level of accomplishment for this label. For sheer musical effect, however, I prefer the Boult version on Westminster; the Los Angeles ensemble lacks the virtuosity to go all the way with Stokowski.
Liszt: Concertos: Nos. 1 and 2. Julius Katchen, piano, with the London Philharmonic conducted by Ataulfo Argenta. London LL 1683, $3.98.	Two highly creditable accomplishments for Katchen, especially the second, lesser played of the two works, to which he gives a good deal of stylistic distinction as well as musical continuity. Standards of virtuosity being what they are in the E flat (Rubinstein and Gilels among others) Katchen's effort is understandably overshadowed. Argenta fulfills his unaccustomed task with all the musicianship and verve of his accustomed ones. Finely sonorous recording.
Mancinelli "Cleopatra" Overture, Martucci: "Notturno" in G flat, other works of Verdi, Ponchielli and Mascagni. Pierino Gamba conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 1671, $3.98.	The London engineers have made the energetic performances of Gamba an occasion for a particular display of high fidelity pyrotechnics, especially in the vibrantly orchestrated, little-known work of Mancinelli and the attractive one of Martucci. In such associated tasks as Verdi's "Traviata" preludes, and "Vespri Siciliani" overture, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria" and the "Dance of the Hours," the erstwhile baton prodigy shows a developing ability to command the attention of his men and a good sense of the basic elements—rhythmic and dynamic—of successful interpretation.
Prokofiev: Concerto No. 2 (G minor); Mozart: Concerto No. 3 (G major). Leonid Kogan, violin, with the London Symphony conducted by Basil Cameron and the Philharmonia conducted by Otto Ackermann. Angel 35344, $4.98.	Suave sound and impeccable execution are the primary attributes of these performances by Kogan and his assorted associates. The violinist's qualities are especially well suited to the slow movements, both sung with tenderness and warmth. Elsewhere he tends to be more methodical than absorbing, the Mozart in particular pursuing a rather inflexible pattern. The three lengthy cadenzas by Oistrakh do not add to the Mozartian total. Both conductors provide Kogan with orchestral assistance well-adjusted to his sense of tonal values.
Schubert: "Rosamunde" music (complete), "Magic Harp" overture, Serenade (opus 135), Twenty-third Psalm. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Fritz Lehmann. Decca DXB 144, $7.96.	The lingering memories of Dean Dixon's work with the "Rosamunde" music (Westminster 18483) are all pleasant ones, but there is little doubt that Lehmann's all 'round effort is a finer one. His neat adjustment of dynamics in the ballet music and vocal episodes are faithfully honored by the excellent wind players, mezzo Diana Eustrati and the Berlin Motet Choir. The inclusion of the C major "Zauberharfe" (usually known today as the "Rosamunde" overture) is welcome, especially as executed with rhythmic definition and dynamic precision by the fine orchestra. The delightful Serenade (opus 135) and a magical performance of the superb setting of the Twenty-third Psalm contribute to further Schubertian pleasures. Very fine recording.
Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 8, Partita for Double String Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 1642, $3.98.	Boult's version of the eighth symphony is a logical, and able, addition to his comprehensive treatment of the seven symphonies as previously issued by London. The unfamiliar partita (a 1948 revision of a double string trio) has some modal kinship with the "Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis" but also a good deal of individuality of its own. Both are performed with luminous sound and a strong sense of style under Boult's knowing direction.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Variations on a Theme of Diabelli. Leonard Shure, piano. Epic LC 3382, $3.98.	Shure's enthusiasm for this work (derived from his associations with Schnabel) is of long standing and his comprehension of its content is considerable. What he fails to provide, in the course of a serious, well-informed, often illuminating performance, is the personal accent, the sense of climax and triumph to differentiate a recreation from a rendition. He is more successful with the individual physical materials than he is with the concept as a whole. The recording leaves little to be desired.
Brahms: Sonatas in A major (Op. 100) and D minor (Opus 108). Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Julius Katchen, piano. London LL 1569, $3.98.	So far as sharing a mutual musical concept is concerned, Ricci and Katchen make an admirable partnership, with a suitable amount of the give and take appropriate to the works with which they are dealing. The position relative to Brahms is not so fortunate with Ricci, for his tone production is light for such a work as the D minor, and pushing it to the necessary weight roughens it considerably. The totality is better adjusted in the A major.
Brahms: Sonatas in A major (Op. 100) and D minor (opus 108). Mischa Elman, violin, with Joseph Seiger, piano. London LL 1630, $3.98.	Accustomed as we are to duplications, it is something novel for the same company to offer the same pair of works in overlapping versions almost simultaneously. However, where Elman's Brahms is concerned the outcome is so much more Elman than Brahms that the resemblance to other interpretations would be largely incidental. The amount of thought-taking is considerable, but the musical outcome is full of abrupt accents and discontinuous phrases which are inimical to Brahms.
Chopin: "Fantaisie-Impromptu," Mendelssohn: "Rondo Capriccioso," Debussy: "Golliwogg's Cakewalk," etc. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8391, $3.98.	As the partial table of contents suggests, this is a highly miscellaneous 'book,' especially as it goes on to Pennario's "Midnight on the Cliffs," the E major Etude of Chopin (opus 10 No. 3), other bits and pieces by Mendelssohn, Shostakovich, Prokofiev and Gershwin ("Preludes"). Pennario plays them all fluently and with a more sonorous piano tone than has sometimes characterized his work. His own piece is associated with a film called "Julie" and is in the Addinsell ("Warsaw Concerto") and Bath ("Cornish Rhapsody") tradition.
Chopin: Etudes (Op. 25), "Trois Nouvelles Etudes." Claudio Arrau, piano. Angel 35414, $4.98.	There is so much facility and fine piano sound in these performances that a lack of the ultimate in fantasy and coloration should not deny Arrau credit for a highly skilful accomplishment. Inclusion of the three "New Etudes" of 1839 completes the treatment of Chopin works in this genre begun by Arrau with the Op. 10 set on Angel 35413. No little praise is due the Angel technicians for getting a piano sound of such clarity yet warmth. This is especially true of the meaningful tracery of the final E major.
Gluck: "Orfeo" (excerpts). Margarete Klose, Erna Berger, and Rita Streich, with Arthur Rother conducting. Urania UR 8015, $3.98.	The best of the singing by Klose in the full-length "Orfeo" is here presented in what sounds like a reprocessing to improve the sound. She is impressive in the earlier sections of the score, in which her ample voice can spread itself to advantage. However "Che faro" is disappointingly sung, the final "Trionfi, Amore" also inferior. Both sopranos (especially the now well-known Streich) add much to the total with their efforts.
Haydn: Trios, Op. 38 (Nos. 1-6). Poul Birkelund, flute, Arne Karecki, violin, and Alf Petersen, cello. Vanguard VRS 1008, $4.98.	One of these pieces tends to sound much like another, the totality a kind of six course serving of table-talk artfully varied if dealing with the same subject. They are ascribed to the 1780s, but show no special stylistic affinity with the symphonies Haydn was writing at this time. Each of the instrumentalists (all are affiliated with the Danish State Radio Symphony) is a master of his instrument and a full partner in the joint enterprise. The lulling, non-exhorting music is aptly complemented by recording of fine sonority and resonance.
Kabalevsky: Children's Pieces, Op. 27 (Books 1 and 2). Lenore Engdahl, piano. MGM E 3322, $3.98.	Twenty-five separate pieces on two sides of this LP may be a little too much for continuous listening, but many of them (including some of the simplest) have a good deal of fantasy and charm. Miss Engdahl plays them with spirit and conviction, also the clarity wanted for purposes of study.
Lees: Quartet No. 1. Debussy: Quartet. Paganini Quartet. Liberty SWL 15004, $3.98.	The excellent Lees quartet, which has had one superior disc performance by the Juilliard ensemble, receives another. Which the composer might prefer is a mootable point, for each has values not quite duplicated in the other. However, the clarity, drive, and insight of the Temianka-led performance can only be admired. The coupled Debussy has a good many creditable technical details, but does not quite match the finesse of the Quartetto Italiano. Fine sounding reproduction.
Mozart: Sonatas (No. 1 in C, No. 2 in F, No. 3 in B flat, No. 4 in E flat). Carl Seemann, piano. Decca DL 9867, $3.98.	Clean, well-fingered Mozart, which induces a higher regard for Seemann's qualities than anything previously heard from him. The quality he projects is a nice mediant between impersonal objectivity and overstressed subjectivity—what might be termed a truly musical approach. Fine technical work by the DG engineers adds to the sum of pleasure.
Poulenc: "Stabat Mater," "Le Bal Masqué." Jacqueline Brumaire, soprano, Pierre Bernac, baritone, Francis Poulenc, piano, the Chorale de l'Alauda, and the orchestra of the Concerts Colonne conducted by Louis Frémaux. Westminster XWN 18422, $3.98.	Two aspects of Poulenc, of which the more absorbing is also the more ambitious, the "Stabat Mater" of 1950 dedicated to Christian Berard. It is a deeply conceived, fully accomplished work in which the mature musicality of Poulenc is shown full force. Excellent performance, especially by the sweet-voiced Brumaire. The earlier (1930) "Bal Masqué" is moderately entertaining, but a little long. Both performances were prepared with the composer's collaboration, and, in the "Bal Masqué" with his participation as pianist. The French recording does not match the best contemporary standards.
Sibelius: "Voces Intimae," Grieg: Quartet in G minor. Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 5202, $3.98.	These interpretations boast the rarest attributes a disc can claim: Tempered, warm-blooded *performances,* masterfully projected. Perhaps the use of Stradivarius instruments (belonging to the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Foundation) in the surroundings of the Library of Congress auditorium has a part in the results, but the players obviously could not transcend their own knowledge of the scores which is no less than embracing. The recording keeps pace every measure of the way with the playing (a work of the original Roisman-Kroyt-Schneider-Schneider foursome).
Smetana: Czech Polkas and Dances. Rudolph Firkusny, piano. Capitol P 8372, $3.98.	The quality of these pieces is variable, some of them hardly providing the matter for a pianist of Firkusny's resources. However he applies the resources without stint, and they include freshness of feeling, rhythmic zest and a special knowledge of the idiom as well as all the technical facility wanted. The four "Polkas" are interspersed among the ten "Dances," an acceptable enough procedure for the purpose of miscellaneous listening. Good sound. —I. K.

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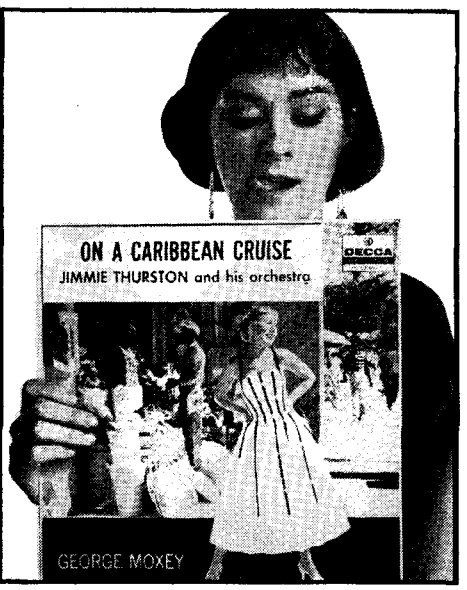

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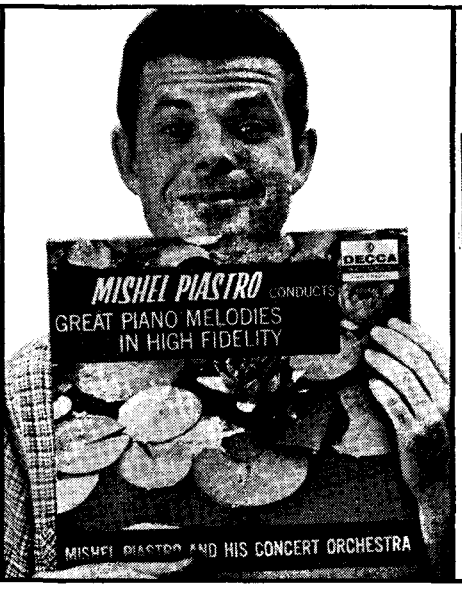

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Tapes in Review

Stravinsky on Stereo

STRAVINSKY: *"Firebird" Suite. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic.* Columbia stereo tape IMB-3, $12.95.

STRAVINSKY: *"The Rite of Spring." Pierre Monteux conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo-orthophonic tape ECS-67, $14.95.

STRAVINSKY: *"L'Histoire du Soldat." Robert Mandell conducting the Ars Nova ensemble.* Sonotape stereophonic SWB-8003, $11.95.

STRAVINSKY's salience in contemporary music makes it anything but surprising that his works should be among the vanguard of those destined for prompt release on stereo. Concurrently, three companies have brought out two-channel versions of their respective discings of Stravinsky works composed before 1920—an era which many feel represents his creative impulse at its most audacious.

Columbia's release of the "Firebird" Suite also marks the stereo debut of Leonard Bernstein, whose recent discing of it (ML 5182) the company can now add to its two earlier editions (Stravinsky with the same ensemble, and Ormandy with the Philadelphia). Interpretative values aside, the stereo version has qualities that make it singular among the several recordings now available.

In its ultra-brilliant tonal dress, the music's excitement and exotic coloring have an urgency not previously engendered outside the concert hall. Instrumental accents too often lost or falsified in earlier transfers—as, for example, the upper strings in the Introduction, or the muffled drumbeats in the Infernal Dance—are scrupulously registered. However, the searching light of stereo can also expose to view any multitude of little flaws that were formerly swallowed up by the lower signal-to-noise ratio of earlier recording techniques. Thus, despite the sonic clarity of this performance (or rather, indeed, because of it) the orchestra's texture appears by no means as irradiate as the vivid musical palette deserves. Bernstein's rather small-scaled approach is a curiously personal one, with its own idiosyncrasies of rubato and accent.

Monteux's second recording of "The Rite of Spring" for Victor (the first was with the Boston Symphony several seasons ago) took place in Paris, fittingly enough, for it was here that he conducted the ballet's historic premiere some forty-four years ago. The effect of shock that marked that occasion has long since worn off, as repeated performances have made the score's rhythmic and harmonic eruptions pleasurably familiar to two generations; but something of the same sense of excitement must attach to the recording devotee's first hearing of the concert version in the fresh aural realism of stereo.

Here one feels the music's savage brilliance with an impact that is almost physical, and with that sense of re-discovery which is among the serious listener's most rewarding dividends. Monteux, with the ageless vitality of a true Frenchman, gives it the dynamic direction of a conductor sure in every detail and candidly enamoured of his task. The orchestra performs with similar esprit.

Although it falls within the chronology of the "Firebird" and "Rite," "L'Histoire du Soldat" anticipates Stravinsky's later style in its skeletal leanness, its off-beat rhythms, and the autonomy of its instrumental timbres. Stereo's accurate reproduction does well by this brusquely articulated music, although the score must suffer some loss of effectiveness when separated from its lively visual components.

The clean, spare musical writing, which requires virtuoso skill from each of the seven instrumentalists, is reproduced with commendable clarity on a tape that does credit to Westminster's recording engineers. The performance, however, lacks style, and the rather pedestrian direction fails to capture enough of the music's sardonic character. Although there is nothing on the jacket to indicate that it is a suite, the narration has been omitted.

Beethoven by Rodzinski

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5. Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London.* Sonotape stereophonic SWB-8015, $11.95.

ARTUR RODZINSKI'S meager representation on discs has been one of the less amiable features of the recording scene—a situation that is graphically pointed up anew by the present stereo release. This is a challenging addition to the already numerous recordings of the Fifth, and if Rodzinski's stunning job of conducting did not of itself provide adequate basis for a fresh evaluation of similarly ranking projections, the expanded aural canvas opened up by stereo can present a formidable argument in its own behalf.

The dramatic and emotional force of the Fifth Symphony make it easy to forget that there are refinements in the musical writing which have been almost inevitably sacrificed in mechanical reproduction. Not the least among stereo's virtues is the fact that it exposes these with the clarity of actual performance, and re-establishes for the music its rightful equilibrium of forces.

Rodzinski's direct, unrhetorical approach strives for no hypertense effects of phrasing or climax, yet the element of the daemonic which animates this music is always there. A sense of priescence informs the spacious unfoldment of a slow movement proportioned, like the rest, to a conception both detailed and integral. A rather thick textured orchestral tone, offering less effective separation of choirs than was due the excellent stereo processing, is almost the only detracting feature.

Boston "Francesca"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Francesca da Rimini." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony.* RCA Victor ortho-stereophonic tape DCS-51, $12.95.

VICTOR, which has lately replaced its old Dobrowen waxing of this with Munch's recent discing with the Boston Symphony (LM 2043), has now brought out the latter in a binaural version—wishing, apparently, to occasion no feeling of under-privilege among stereophile admirers of the Boston ensemble's *chef d'orchestre.* These, however, will have to wait until a later date to hear on stereo the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy-overture that forms the disc's companion work.

In this two-channel presentation, Munch's efforts add up to an electrifying tour de force of Tchaikovsky's Dante-inspired fantasy, but his Gallic sense of aptness holds a secure rein on those pictorial elements which in less discriminating hands might easily degenerate into mawkishness. The initial descriptive passages, of buffeting winds that hurl the sinful endlessly around the Inferno's Second Circle, seem to open up immense aural vistas.

Munch is seldom finer than when dealing with music of high dramatic coloring, and in this performance imagination and taste combine toward a cohesive and brilliant exposition. The orchestra's warm, translucent tone is skillfully preserved by the recording engineers.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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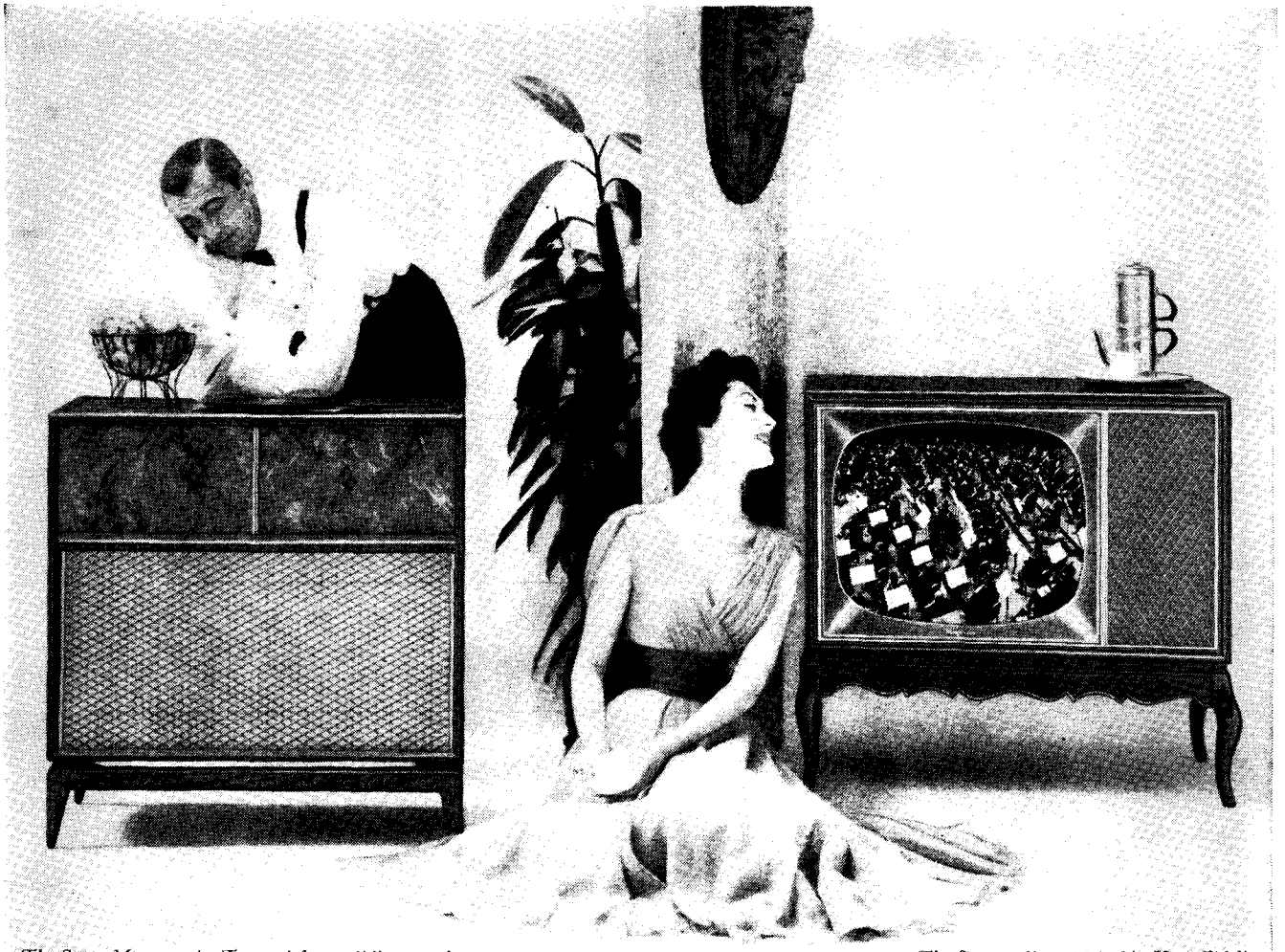

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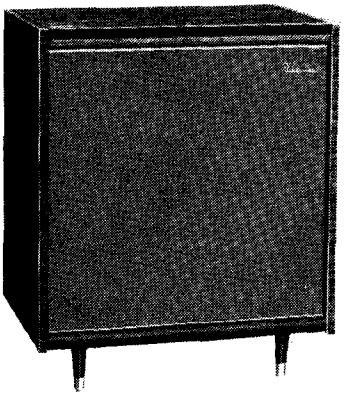

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes.

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Roumanian Dances. Ravel: Habanera, etc. Leonard Sorkin, violin; George Sopkin, cello. Concertapes 23-2B. $11.95.	These eight pieces by as many composers (Saint-Saëns, Falla, Gluck, Granados, Bloch, Dinicu are the others) take on a similarly tzigane flavor in their present arrangement. The playing is incisive and rhythmic, with a strong linear pull in the strings, but the violin is occasionally harsh, the accompanying piano of Alexander Joseffer too subdued. The tape has been cleanly processed.
Bartók: Selections from "Mikrokosmos"; Suite, opus 14. Iren Marik, pianist. Zodiac ZST-1007. $11.95.	Miss Marik brings dexterity and power to her performance of these rigorously percussive, intricate pieces. Her tone is not especially bright but she plays with awareness of the music's mechanics and purpose. The exotic chordal structure is clearly profiled on a quiet, well-engineered tape.
Bizet: "Carmen" Suite; "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 1. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MDS5-3. $12.95.	Mercury makes its stereo debut with a spirited but sensitive performance of excerpts comprising the best form of Bizet's music. The orchestra is not always up to its own high standard, showing some coarseness of ensemble tone, but the presentation is well-placed, skillfully contoured, dramatically alive. Sound is good, without the over-emphasized highs occasionally found in Mercury discs.
Carpenter: "Adventures in a Perambulator." Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra. Mercury MDS5-2. $12.95.	Recorded at the Eastman School of Music, this performance utilizes the composer's 1941 revision of the score, the fragile whimsey of which requires more imaginative handling than Dr. Hanson's direction has provided. The orchestra, while well-trained, plays without style, and the tape itself is only so-so.
Grieg: Concerto in A Minor. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor DCS-47. $12.95.	Sumptuous piano tone, full-scaled and luminous, distinguishes Rubinstein's performance on stereo of this well-worn concert vehicle, which he plays with the romantic breadth and technical assurance that attach to the grand manner. The support furnished by Wallenstein and the orchestra is discreetly unobtrusive, thus strengthening the impression of a soloistic tour de force. Stereo's fine transmittal of keyboard resonance has been taken full advantage of by the engineers.
Kodály: "Háry János" Suite. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MDS5-1. $12.95.	The piquancy of this popular suite is due not alone to its brilliant orchestration but quite as much to the music's folklike earthiness. Dorati (a pupil of Kodály) conducts it with patent relish and a concern for drama rather than niceties of nuance. Especially good balance between bass, mid-range and treble enhances the tape, and even the rousing orchestral climaxes are free from brassy edginess.
Liszt: Prelude on a Theme of Bach. Rachmaninoff: Prelude in G, and others. John Ranck, piano. Zodiac ZST-1006. $11.95.	Fluent pianism, lustrous tone, and a wide dynamic range are among the considerable gifts Ranck brings to this performance. His style is refined and imaginative, but there is power as well as poetry in his playing. Good microphone placement has retained the full quality of piano tone without over-brilliance, and the delicacy of such passages as the trilling of birds in Liszt's "St. Francis of Assisi" is faithfully transmitted.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1. ("Classical") Nicolai Malko conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor ACS-37. $6.95.	Like the composer's Seventh, which forms its overside companion on the Victor disc (LM 2092), this earlier symphony was recorded in England with the same conductor and forces, and similarly testifies to the high order of British recording facilities. Malko's thoughtful reading is less well suited to its blithe satire than to the Seventh's mature reflections, but the performance is musicianly and well-detailed.
Rachmaninoff: "Serenade" and "Melodie" of Opus 3, etc. Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra, with Leonid Hambro, piano. Columbia ICB-7. $12.95.	Included in the eight items are three Preludes (although not the ubiquitous C-sharp minor) and the composer's "Vocalise" and "Daisies," along with the Scherzo of the Second Symphony. All except the last have been transmuted from their original settings to the lush orchestra arrangements of Kostelanetz, and all are performed in the frankly romantic spirit of the music itself. Tape is especially well-processed.
"Sound in the Round." Stereo demonstration tape, Vol. I. Concertapes 501. $7.95.	A brilliantly engineered five-inch tape demonstrating "the spectacular side of stereophonic recording" via capsule experiences in binaural listening. Aural phenomena include the sounds of a ping-pong match, fireworks, a roller-coaster, a passing parade, and the take-off of a DC-7. These are accompanied by an oral commentary, pleasant on first hearing but likely to become tedious with repetition. The auditory impact of the examples themselves is sufficiently convincing.
Stereo Demonstration Tape, Vol. I. Urania UST-D2. $3.98.	A modestly-priced album of musical samplings from Urania's current classical stereo releases, most of which have been reviewed here previously. Excerpts run a gamut from Varèse's percussive "Ionization" to Saint-Saëns' Third Symphony (finale) to prove that stereo's multi-dimensional powers are easily equal to either the shock or sentiment schools of music. The engineering is fine enough to make a persuasive case for the two-channel medium. A 250 cycle note is included for adjustment of balance.
Strauss, J.: "Tales from the Vienna Woods," etc. Leonard Sorkin conducting the Sinfonietta. Concertapes 101-A. $11.95.	Johann Strauss's perdurable melodies take increased vitality from the stereo treatment, as demonstrated by this packaging of six familiar favorites. The "Pizzicato Polka," "Perpetual Motion," and the overture to "Die Fledermaus" are among those receiving a lively performance by an ensemble that plays with infectious spirit.
Strauss, J.: "At Home," "Joy of Living," etc. Hans Hagen conducting the Vienna Philharmusica. Urania UST-1202. $11.95.	The first of two volumes of lesser known waltzes, marches and polkas, some hitherto unrecorded. Of Strauss's 479 works, all but 79 were waltzes. Of these latter, four are here represented by the Overture to "Waldmeister," the Intermezzo from "Indigo," and two polkas ("Sparkling Blood" and "Explosions"), all played with a sentiment and gusto appropriate to their birthplace.
Tchaikovsky: "The Sleeping Beauty" Waltz, etc. Morton Gould and His Orchestra. RCA Victor BCS-52. $8.95.	Titled "The World's Best Loved Waltzes," this album also contains Ziehrer's "Vienna Beauties" arranged by Gould, and the waltzes of "Die Fledermaus." Gould's direction is somewhat erratic, but the performances have animation and nice lyric sweep. Exaggerated use of an echo chamber, however, lends a disturbing impression of hollowness. —M. N.

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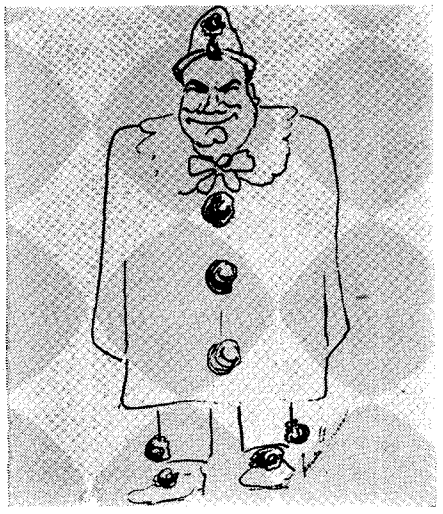
ROBINSON'S CARUSO

After twenty-five years of collection, research, and investigation, Francis Robinson, assistant manager of the Metropolitan Opera, has compiled a pictorial biography of Enrico Caruso which is the most treasurable labor of love to the memory of any great singer. From the forthcoming Studio Publications presentation we have selected the following samples.

The tenor's birthplace at No. 7, via San Giavanello agli Ottocalli, Naples.

Age nineteen (1891). Drapery was a bedspread; his only shirt was at the cleaners.



In his most famous role of Canio in "Pagliacci," self-caricatured in Berlin (1906).

With phonograph presented by Victor. Inside: a gold replica of his first record.

Drawing caricatures at a benefit in Southampton, Long Island (1920).

At the piano in a hotel in Mexico City.

America's last glimpse. En route to Italy with his wife and daughter, May 28, 1921. He died the following August.

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Berman

Continued from page 47

his designs from Picasso, Braque, Derain, Matisse, Rouault, Miro, Chirico, and other leading modernists of the French school. The daring and originality of Diaghilev is still unsurpassed in our time, although many of his lesser and less fortunate experiments would seem to us tame and dated.

And so it went. Since Diaghilev's time (and even before) leading painters everywhere (sometimes for better and at times for worse) have followed the lead and designed most of the outstanding productions in the theatre, ballet, and opera. In France, England, and Italy it is so almost without exception.

From that can be appreciated the simple fact that the painter who has originally formed his personality outside the theatre and is known not only for a particular style of his own, but also for the special quality which he puts into his paintings and which is his real trademark, wants to, *has to* put the same quality, the same personal touch into backdrops thirty by fifty feet, canvases, built-pieces, costumes, and props, which should all carry the distinctive mark of his mind and of his hand. A production which is designed by a real painter should look as if every part of it could have been done only by him alone—just as much as a giant canvas or fresco by a master should have the quality of a small painting or sketch by his own hand, if it is to be considered as one of his best works.

And that is still another reason why the work goes slowly, complexly, for it clashes with all the rules and uses of Broadway stage designing (of stage designing in America, generally), creating many difficulties and obstacles in the way of carrying out successfully the designs of my production. Obviously, if the designer is to insist that the whole production bear not only a very high quality of finish and loving care, but also the firm imprint of his personality, he must depend not only on very expert and highly sensitive collaborators who share his interests and sympathize with his intentions, but he must depend also on a very liberal and understanding management, generous with time and money for a production which requires such a slower and more complex working system and schedule than the usual crude examples of Broadway. For them, no time, loving care, and complex work could be possibly wasted, because no com-

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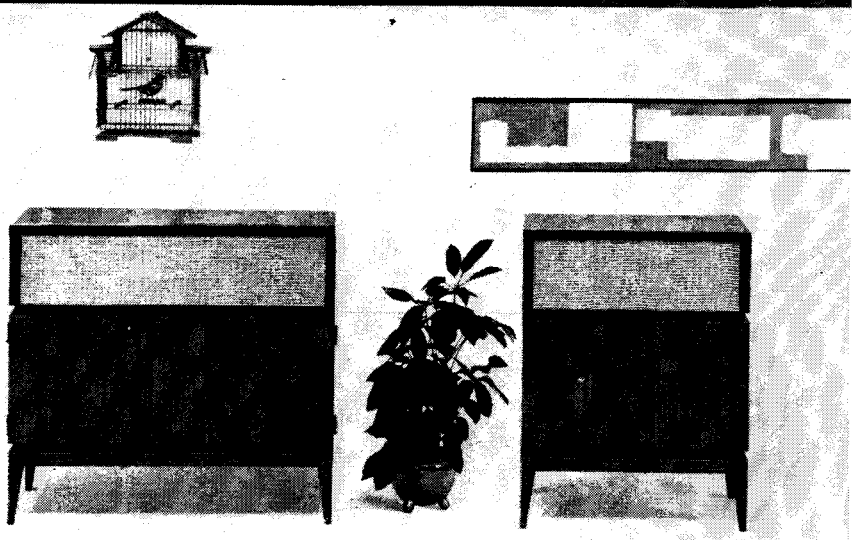

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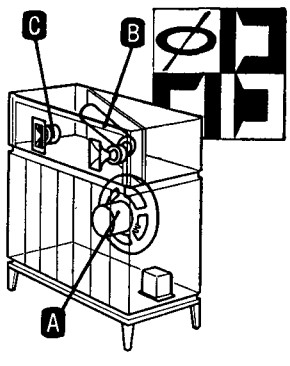

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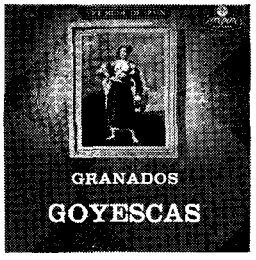

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LL-1682

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plex imagination, no special subtlety, no true loving care went into the original design in the first place.

IN THE particular case of "Don Giovanni," the problem is intensified by the nature of the challenge posed by Mozart and da Ponte. A work of two acts, with five scenes in each, it is characterized by music of great fluidity and movement, interspersed, of course, with set pieces—arias and so forth—in which the serious side of the story is projected. Obviously it should be the function of the scenic design to further the fluidity and movement of the music, certainly not to interfere with it.

However, Mozart did not provide music to cover scenic changes, as Debussy did in "Pelleas," for example, or Wagner arranged for his own convenience (as dramatist as well as composer) in "Rheingold" or "Götterdämmerung." The *ritornello*, or closing passage at the end of an aria like "Il mio tesoro," is brief, barely enough to get the singers off the stage. Not much in the way of a scenic change can be accomplished during, or after, the end of such an aria (even allowing for applause), without risking serious interruption in the progress of the music.

Needless to say, it is an even more difficult problem in one of the older theatres, such as the Metropolitan, which lacks a turntable or revolving stage on which one setting can be arranged while another is being played. So we have to utilize certain unit designs (within an interior proscenium) which remain in place through much of the performance. We utilize a "traveler" curtain (it acts just like its name) to create a shallow space at the front of the stage in which certain musical numbers take place while the next scene is being moved into place behind it. And some pieces can be moved in from the sides, though the Metropolitan, again, is very limited in facilities for this kind of technique.

I saw my first "Don Giovanni" in my early twenties, in Paris of all places. It was a production at the Opera Comique, in which the fine baritone Vanni Marcoux played the Don. He was excellent. The scenic design, probably dating back some fifty or sixty years and quite old-fashioned, had a kind of Venetian feeling, like early Canaletto, and it was surprisingly suitable. How much of "Don Giovanni," after all, is really Spanish? Mozart's music certainly derived from Italian models. This production had a great deal of charm, and I remember it with pleasure.

Those I have seen since, I must confess, have not appealed to me very much visually. I recall one at the Grand Opéra, not very happily. There was another, also in Paris, from Vienna, with Bruno Walter conducting a fine cast. I enjoyed the music much more than the scenic conception. Recently I saw another production in La Scala, conducted by Herbert van Karajan, with settings by a German designer, Wilhelm Reinking, again very dull scenically.

I cannot speak much of my own conception, save to say that it is more related to the 1620-1650 period of Spanish painting than anything else. There are Spanish details in the windows, for example, or the columns, but it is not strictly a rendering of Spanish architecture. I feel free to take liberties within a style, especially where the music dates from a much later period. But the conception is not without some Italian elements also. The costuming, especially for Zerlina, Masetto and, the other members of the peasantry, is more predominantly Spanish.

After a year's work, then, my "Don Giovanni" is on the stage. The period of time is in direct contradiction to every local procedure. The scenic studio ordinarily entrusted with the work is apt to regard such insistence on getting better results as quite unnecessary, something that nobody will notice anyhow, denoting a lack of confidence on the part of the designer. Actually, the standard procedure seems to be that the designer should turn over his sketches to a studio for execution and that the studio will do the rest. The less he bothers the men who execute and interpret his sketches, the better his standing in most cases with the management and the men. No trouble, no criticism and advice, no lagging behind fixed schedules, no overtime and additional expenses! If a designer can accumulate and carry out (mostly with the help of assistants who in turn often employ assistant-assistants) a respectable number of shows a year, he is a Broadway genius. If he can grab 50 per cent or more of the Broadway productions in a year, he is the top genius. A few years of such activities, complete with Oscars and Tonys or other awards, and he is ready either for comfortable retirement or for a career in Hollywood. Or as Broadway director and producer. It is a purely commercial career, and no true quality in such working methods could be possibly required or sustained at length.

AND that is why my methods of designing for the theatre in America are so unorthodox and contrary to established rules. It is also the reason why things are getting to be increasingly difficult for such methods of work, and why "Don Giovanni" is

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my farewell to the opera and to the theatre in general.

There are a few additional reasons for this decision.

My theatrical activities span the period from 1935-1957, that is, twenty-two years in all—a considerable part of a man's life. For a long time I worked principally for the ballet, here and abroad. I had the good fortune and privilege to design ballets for Ashton and Tudor and above all for George Balanchine—not only the greatest living choreographer, but in my view the greatest of all time, the Mozart of choreographers. I had the rare privilege to do a ballet in collaboration with Balanchine and Stravinsky, still a source of great joy and pride in my life.

At a very early stage in my theatre career I wanted to design for opera, especially for my favorite, Mozart. In 1942 I accepted Gian Carlo Menotti's offer to design the production of "The Island God" in the Metropolitan Opera. Behind the decision was the thought, perhaps, that it might lead to "Don Giovanni." But my working model was rejected by the then management, I felt forced to withdraw and that ended my Met association. Not until Rudolf Bing came in did the opportunity arise. In 1951 I met Mr. Bing and was asked to design "Rigoletto." In 1952 followed another Verdi work (he is one of my great favorites after Mozart), "Forza del Destino." In 1953 it was Rossini's "Barber." All were exciting and wonderful assignments which taught me much about the operatic stage. Finally, in 1954, came the first approach to Mozart, the new "Magic Flute." Again a sudden bad break. Bruno Walter, whose farewell to opera this was to be, came out against collaborating with me. He felt (based on knowledge of my work) that my ideas would clash with his. I had to withdraw. In place came the opportunity, in Milan, for "Cosi."

Now I have realized my earliest theatrical ambition, with this production of "Don Giovanni." As far as I can make up my mind now and decide the course of the future, it means taking leave of the theatre for good. Anything after "Don Giovanni" with Dr. Herbert Graf and Karl Böhm, I feel, would be an anti-climax. There is so much else I want to do—above all, to paint—which I could not do while the theatre was taking up so much of time, thoughts, and energies. Maybe, later on, a new theatre in New York, with new opportunities, would pose a totally different challenge. But, so far as I can see, this should be the final chapter of a long and to me very rewarding association. I hope it will also be a happy event for the Metropolitan Opera and its public.

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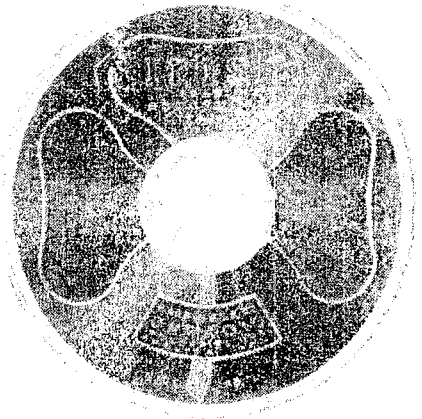

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Rubinstein's Beethoven Cycle

By ABRAM CHASINS

"Victories of imagination and scholarship."

THE entire nature of Beethoven's evolution is bound up with his arduous struggle to attain an ever-mounting range and technique of emotional, intellectual, and spiritual expression consecrated to a hallowed vision—the fraternity of mankind. But from the very beginning, right from the three piano trios of Opus 1, Beethoven was a bold and original spirit, with a delightful sense of humor. A prolific middle period followed the "Eroica" with works of incomparably dramatic power such as the Fifth Symphony and the "Appassionata" sonata, and also works of the intoxicating jubilation of the Seventh Symphony. The last period brought sublime utterances in the Ninth Symphony, and in the last quartets and piano sonatas.

Beethoven's mastery was complete when he wrote the last of his five piano concertos that encompass the full range of his compositional evolution. And when such sovereign works are recorded complete by a sovereign pianist, it is a matter of considerable musical significance. All of which is another way of announcing my general reaction to the latest recordings of the historic works performed by Artur Rubinstein, in association with Josef Krips conducting the Symphony of the Air (RCA Victor LM-6702).

Certainly there is no further need to analyze these monuments of pianistic art, for the mischief of faulty scholarship that long misconstrued and obscured their connotations has finally been rectified. There is also little need at this point to discuss Mr. Rubinstein's pianistic capacities or musicianship. Nor has time robbed us of the remembrance of his public performances of these works, nor are we unmindful of his former recordings of all but the first and last of the Beethoven concertos.

What I should therefore prefer to glance at are the interpretative conclusions eventually arrived at by a mature master-pianist concerning masterpieces he has known for half a century, some of which he has performed for at least that length of time or close to it. There is no questioning Mr. Rubinstein's extensive knowledge of this literature or his technical ability to express his ideas fully. With but one exception, in my opinion, one cannot take issue with readings so full-blown, so integrated and perfectly proportioned as Rubinstein has now achieved through decades of devotional work and sober judgment.

To the first two concerts of Beethoven's "first style," Rubinstein brings a witty brilliance, a youthful seriousness, and an exciting, onward sweep which evidence qualities far beyond sheer pianism and musicianship. He endows them with their own unpretentious, natural proportions. He makes no attempt to make them Olympian. They emerge with a greater buoyancy, lyricism, and transparency than ever before. Often, by the time an artist lavishes such attention upon details, he loses the first fine rapture. Not Rubinstein, who demonstrates as the years progress, as he grows more and more meticulous, that the entire effect can become more and more spontaneous.

The exception is to be found in the present recording of the Third Concerto, especially in the first two movements. Rubinstein's former disc with Toscanini suffered from aggrandizement, from whipped up, melodramatic agitation that expressed little but the fabulous energy of these virtuosos. Now, Rubinstein has made a *volte-face,* and the result is not much more convincing. The "Allegro con brio" is *senza brio,* the celestial second movement actually severe. Only in the last

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movement are Rubinstein's intrinsic qualities observable, though I must say with less coloristic, accentual, and textural variety than in any of the other rondo-finales. This work, which marks Beethoven's transition from his first period into his second and constitutes a turning point in the evolution of the classical concerto, posed its composer a mighty struggle that seems to have accrued to its interpreters.

IN THE last two concertos, where Beethoven reaches the climax of his emotional and architectural powers, Rubinstein realizes them for what they are—dramatic visions of life, as life could be were all men artists. In both, Rubinstein displays a majestic ardor and a profound understanding of the unique nature of Beethoven's romanticism. Rubinstein's treatment of Beethoven's medial elements shows the logic of the pianist's musicianship, for he treats the scale figures and arpeggio figures with deepest sensitivity to their alternating functions as structural, thematic, or harmonic materials. Finally, Rubinstein often produces the ineffable tranquility that was the crowning achievement of Beethoven's spiritual evolution.

And Rubinstein produces it and all other victories of ripe imagination and scholarship under less than ideal conditions. Although one can hear from the collaborating artists much splendid playing, particularly from individual members of the orchestra under Mr. Krips's direction, this is clearly not his orchestra. The efficiency and freedom, the unity of purpose and fine details of performance which derive from long association and perfect understanding between players and their conductors—these are insufficiently present. Nor is there always complete concord between conductor and soloist regarding interpretation, especially in the first movement of the Third Concerto. Too often will one answer the other's idea of a theme with such disparity of pace or mood as to make it sound less like an answer than a refutation.

Further, I found myself twisting every control on my hi-fi set in order to elicit the luscious Rubinstein tone that we know so well. Hi-fi should not mean magnification. It should mean fidelity to inherent balance, fidelity to each artist's dynamic characteristics as they emerge in the concert hall. Rubinstein's mellifluous tone is a finely adjusted thing of beauty. To inflate it is to diminish it and to dilute its individuality.

The most intact triumph therefore belongs to Beethoven. And after that, to his interpreter. So lofty a fulfilment in totality as Rubinstein's is an imposing accomplishment.

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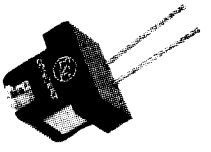

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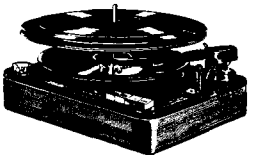

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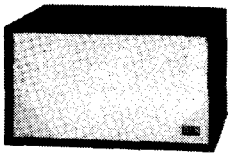

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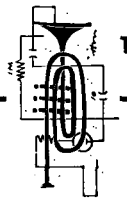


THE JAZZ MAINSTREAM

Thunder Below

DUKE ELLINGTON'S "Such Sweet Thunder" (Columbia CL 1033) is, according to the feverish label copy, a "major work." It is, to be sure, a considerable return to form after the largely embarrassing gallimaufry, "A Drum Is a Woman" (or "Vaudeville Paradise Lost Again") and in several of its parts, it is wittily and even tenderly beguiling. But although this disconnected "suite" is intended to "attempt to parallel the vignettes of the Shakespearean characters in miniature—sometimes to the point of caricature," whatever that means, the music might just as convincingly be claimed to have been based on the works of Jack Kerouac. Literary props aside, the album does contain disarmingly expert monologues by such strolling players as Clark Terry, Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney; Ellington's voicings (with some credit to assistant Billy Strayhorn) are, as usual, intriguingly, often mockingly personal; and there are occasional evidences of his continuing charm as a melodist. "Such Sweet Thunder," however, is not equal to "Black, Brown, and Beige"; and Ellington should have been self-advised in approaching the extraordinary music already in Shakespeare to have put more time into this project, and I don't mean swinging time alone, which he and his band certainly possess.

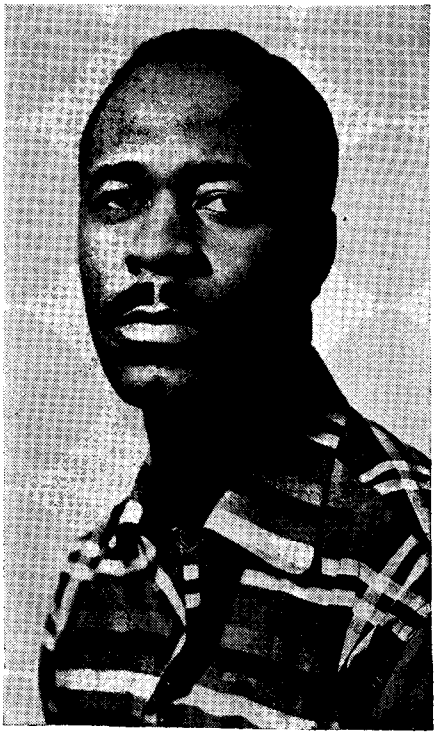
Not at all factitious in its impact and a blunt, bitterly sad addition to documentary materials on the sources of the blues (the primary element in the jazz mainstream) is Alan Lomax's "Negro Prison Songs from the Mississippi State Penitentiary" (Tradition Records TLP 1020). Lomax who has preserved records of folk speech, pain and love from many areas of the world, has been particularly clarifying for those who would understand the raw, urgent sources of jazz. In this 1947 collection of blues and works recorded at Parchman, Mississippi, there are even contemporary field hollers, a tradition of free-association communication that goes back through centuries of slavery. Fortunately, Tradition has included a clearly annotated booklet with complete texts of all songs and conversation in the album. Some of the lyrics further intensify my conviction that a sizable amount of the most durably burning American poetry has been lined far from the academies:

> Be my woman gal, I be your man.
> Every day is Sunday's, dollar in your hand.

I hope Tradition or some other American company will release here another Lomax journey, "Blues in the Mississippi Night," which has been issued in England by Pye-Nixa and was broadcast in a Lomax BBC series.

"BROTHER JOHN SELLERS in London" (London LL 1705) documents casually how far the blues have traveled Mississippi-born Sellers, thirty-three, is accompanied by a group of young British jazzmen whose knowledge of the blues material has been essentially vicarious, however devoted. Aside from one nightclub kind of evasion of a folk ballad, Sellers' repertory in this set, including several blues of his own, is strongly arresting and he has had the sound dramatic sense to include Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues."

There is at times more than a little of the rhetorician in his singing, an almost inevitable concomitant of bringing the blues on stage; but there is a basic, shouting honesty in much of Sellers's approach that makes for an emotionally substantial album.



Brother John Sellers—"arresting."

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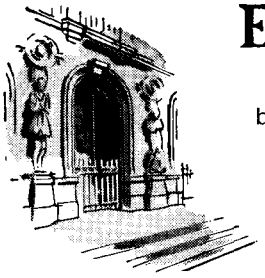
Less satisfactory is "Wilbur De Paris Plays and Jimmy Witherspoon Sings New Orleans Blues" (Atlantic 1266), in which Arkansas-born Witherspoon, thirty-four, rolls through a generally virile choice of blues and near-blues. Witherspoon, whose voice is also reverberatingly aimed for distance, is slightly more of a stance-taker than Sellers, but he could have made a rousing set with more apt support. Although the De Paris band, unlike the London imaginers, does contain men with deep life-roots in jazz (notably clarinetist Omer Simeon), the stiff rhythmic conception De Paris insists on in ensembles and the generally constricting formulae he applies to the band result often in an unswinging, unflowing background that does not supply Witherspoon with the sustained lift he needs . . .

ALTHOUGH nearly all young modernists pay tribute, however inadvertently, to Bird Parker whenever they play, a deliberate "Memorial Concert Dedicated to the Music of Charlie Parker" (Signal S1204) has been recorded at the Five Spot in New York. The eulogists are Phil Woods, alto; Cecil Payne, baritone; Frank Socolow, tenor; Duke Jordan, piano; Art Taylor, drums; and Wendell Marshall, bass. Each track is long enough to allow each soloist to develop his story, and the performances are consistently fiery although the level of conception slides occasionally. Altoist Woods, twenty-six, has the most difficult role in view of the album's purpose, but he does largely justify the claim of annotator Ira Gitler that he "has absorbed the spirit of Parker without being a carbon of Bird." The fact that Woods, incidentally, is now married to Parker's widow and is teaching the alto saxophone to Parker's young son makes for a situation that most novelists would reject as improbable, however challenging material for a trilogy . . . Parker influenced speakers on all jazz horns, not the alto alone. The indigenous suzerain of modern jazz trombone has, however, been J. J. Johnson. His impact can be heard in the first album as leader of Curtis Fuller, twenty-three, yet another idiomatically assured emigrant from Detroit to New York. "The Opener: Curtis Fuller" (Blue Note 1567) is a relaxing, free-soloing set except for Fuller's tendency, common to many of his contemporaries, to confuse ballads with threnodies. In the rhythm section is a relatively new, enliveningly economical modern mainstream pianist, Bobby Timmons, whose voice I found fresher and more personal than the leader's is yet.

—NAT HENTOFF.



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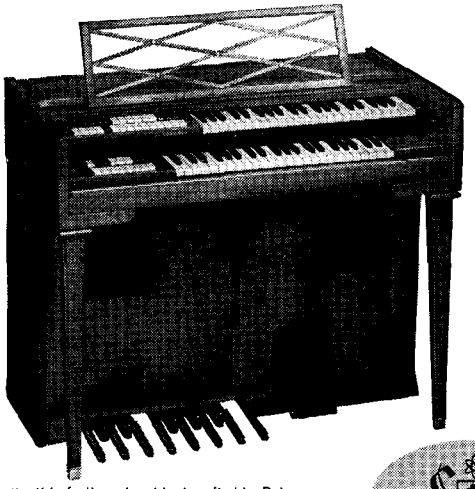

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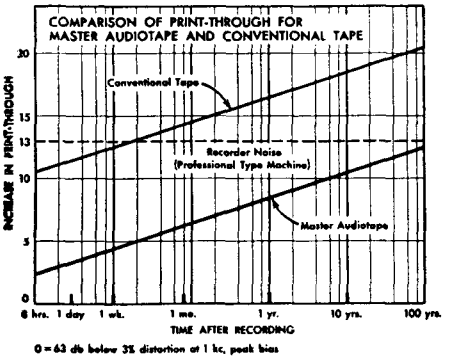

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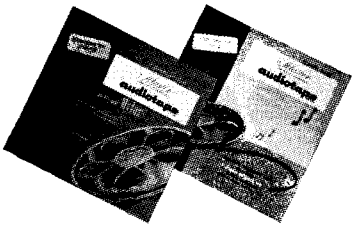

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THE OTHER SIDE

Two New Labels

TWO new labels make their bow in October: from Decca there is a first substantial list of classical Extended Play 45-rpm discs, devoted almost entirely to brief excerpts from complete operatic sets (most of them featuring Tebaldi or del Monaco), while EMI has at long last launched its own collector's series. Up till now transfers of historical recordings have appeared rather haphazardly, some on standard labels giving no indication of their status, others drawn from Victor's "Golden Treasury" and offered at increased prices. The new series costs the same as any normal, modern disc, but the packaging is quite distinctive and most dignified. For the first time HMV and Columbia issues share the same label and this fact, seen in conjunction with recent developments along similar lines in the USA (where the Angel label is now shared by HMV and Columbia recordings), may foreshadow the eventual abandonment of separate identities within the EMI group.

The first batch of this collector's series, sub-titled "Great Recordings of the Century," comprises eleven twelve-inch discs, one of them single-sided. From Columbia's archives come the six Brandenburg Concertos played by the Busch Chamber Orchestra—performances whose warmth and liveliness provide a deeper insight into Bach's genius, despite their anachronistic use of the pianoforte (played by Serkin), than the great majority of "correct" readings of the post-war era. HMV contributes the first three Beethoven Concertos played by Schnabel—No. 1 with Sargent and the LPO, Nos. 2 and 3 with the Philharmonia under Dobrowen (the last of these is here issued for the first time); two discs of Beethoven Violin Sonatas (Opp. 12 and 23) played by Fritz Kreisler and Franz Rupp; the immortal Cortot/Thibaud/Casals performance of Schubert's B flat Trio coupled with their Haydn in G; Bach's Clavier Concertos in D minor, A and F minor played by Edwin Fischer and his Chamber Orchestra and, last but by no means least, Bach's Cello Suites Nos. 1 and 3 played by Casals (rather costly, though, with each Suite on a separate twelve-inch disc).

It is clear that this list, which will be warmly welcomed by all who value "high fidelity" performances even more than hi-fi recordings, is only a beginning.

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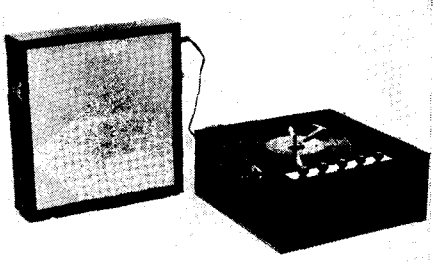

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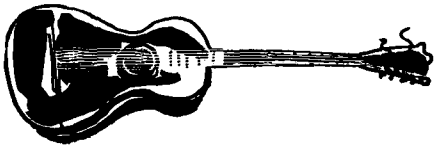
pride of place belongs to the Glyndebourne set of Mozart's "Idomeneo." HMV did record a series of excerpts from this opera when it was first revived in 1951 under the direction of the late Fritz Busch, but a complete version of this marvelous score was long overdue. Last year, when "Idomeneo" formed part of Glyndebourne's Mozart bi-centenary festival, HMV announced its plans for a recording and, after some initial anxiety concerning the cast, we were relieved to learn that Sena Jurinac and Leopold Simoneau would sing the parts of Ilia and Idamante with which they had become so closely identified during previous seasons. As a result, we now have a splendid keepsake of a production which must surely rank among Glyndebourne's greatest, a noble performance of the work in which Mozart's dramatic genius first attained its full stature.

Other new HMV issues deserving special mention are a set of Bach Sonatas for unaccompanied violin played by Menuhin, who can also be heard with Gioconda de Vito, and supported by Raymond Leppard (harpsichord) and John Shinebourne (cello), in Trio Sonatas by Handel and Purcell as well as Duos by Spohr and Viotti; there are orchestral discs by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic (a magnificent feast of Bizet: the two Suites from "L'Arlesienne" and the overture "Patrie"), Kempe and the Berlin Philharmonic (an impressive Wagner program including "Holländer" and "Tannhäuser" overtures), an odd miscellany — Villa-Lobos's fourth Bachiana, Symphonic Fragments from Strauss's "Die Liebe der Danae" and Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela"—from Barbirolli and the Hallé, and the NBC Symphony under Toscanini in a mixed bag of Tchaikovsky, Waldteufel and Rossini. Cello Concertos by Haydn and Vivaldi are attractively played by Erling Blöndal Bengtsson with the Danish Radio Chamber Orchestra under Wöldike, Ralph Kirkpatrick contributes a scholarly harpsichord recital ranging from Byrd and Cabezón to Bach and Domenico Scarlatti, and from Berlin there comes sacred music by Mozart—the "Benedictus sit Deus" of 1768, the Motet "Exsultate, Jubilate" and the "Vesperae Solemnes," K. 339—with Erna Berger and Ferdinand Frantz among the soloists and a name new to us, Karl Forster, conducting the choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Philharmonic. —THOMAS HEINITZ.



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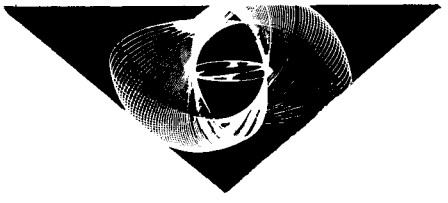

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Tape and Disc Stereo

A MANUFACTURER with a monaural exhibit at the recent High Fidelity Show in New York's Trade Show Building had scarcely more caste than a monogamous citizen in a polygamous society. Not only was there stereo here, stereo there, stereo everywhere like the chicks on Old MacDonald's farm, but the focal points of attention were where it was loudest and most compelling.

This would include the Ampex installation (where, on Saturday morning, the attendant went looking for a new tape because, he said, "I know this one better than the fellow who made it"), the Vanguard and Urania establishment, and particularly the one maintained by Sonotape (a subsidiary of Westminster Records). Here the eye and the ear were commanded to function in tandem, as lights were dimmed low as a climactic moment in the demonstration approached, and the mystery of it all was intensified. I have no emotion but admiration for the skills which went into creating Sonotape's formidable array of aural wonders: I wonder, merely, what application they have to home listening.

Closer to the needs of the living room were demonstrations by G.E. of its new G.E. VR II cartridge, the fine styling of amplifiers and auxiliary components by Harman Kardon, Hermon Scott, Fischer, Gromes, Bogen, and other established manufacturers. Technical efficiency now having reached a leveling-off point, more attention is being given to the decorative shell for the functional nut, with every indication that the two can coexist to the consumer's benefit. The British Industries' Leak amplifiers, Wharfedale speakers, and Garrard changes all showed refinements to keep pace with American trends.

Refinement rather than change could be stated as the theme of the whole affair, which attracted more than 30,000 persons (a remarkable turnout inasmuch as admission—following last year's precedent—is no longer free) in the Tuesday-Saturday span. The challenge of the JansZen and other electrostatic speakers has been met by such firms as Jensen, Stephens, Altec Lansing, Electro Voice, and University with units that are more compact and lighter than they were formerly, without sacrificing efficiency. Enclosures, of course, have a large part in this, for it is now accepted gospel that proper housing (such as is provided by the midget

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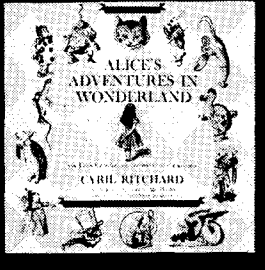

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AR enclosure) can give impressive results in a minimum of cubic footage.

For those professionally concerned who met casually in the far-from-cloistered halls of the Trade Show building, a leading topic was likely not to be the show itself, rather the unveiling (at its own offices) of London's stereophonic disc. As long as six years ago, the firm's chief engineer, Arthur Haddy, had told RECORDINGS readers that stereo sound from a single track record was a physical possibility—if! Now, most of the ifs have been removed in a utilization of the sides *and* bottom of the groove simultaneously, in a combination of what the technicians call "lateral" (conventional) and "hill and dale" (bottom of the groove) cut. The intricate motion is controlled by a T-shaped stylus, which feeds impulses to separate amplifier channels and then to separate speakers. All such demonstrations are loaded, of course, in the favor of the demonstrator, but there is little doubt that a stereo disc is a practical possibility, or that London has it. Commercial production is considered still a year away.

For a favored few, Western Electric also demonstrated its Westrix disc, which approaches the same end in a slightly different way. Here the cut is at a 45-degree angle, with the avowed hope of accomplishing quality results under less difficult mechanical conditions. It is too soon to determine which system is preferable, or better adapted to the conditions of home listening. There is, however, a hopeful attitude that one or the other will become the industry-wide choice, to eliminate such contention as accompanied the 33-45 rpm innovations. For one who spent several hours sampling one stereo system and another, the Columbus Day parade on Fifth Avenue, with bands approaching, blaring in the ear and receding, sounded like just another demonstration. —I. K.

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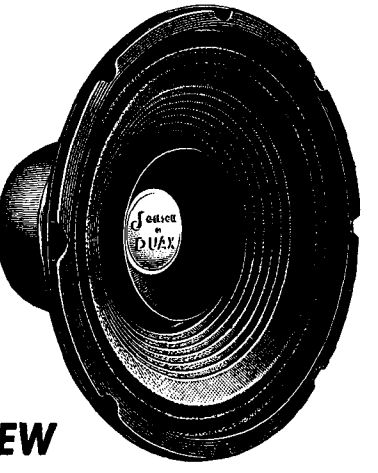

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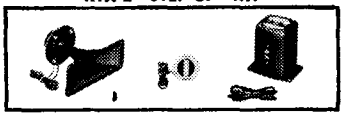

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HAYDN SLOW BUT SURE

In Nat Hentoff's interesting piece on "The Major Minors" (*SR* Sept. 28) he quotes Maynard Solomon of Vanguard to the effect that Haydn had "one of the finest labels in repertory" but threw its money away. My thought is: Couldn't that fine Haydn Society repertory be saved in some way? Wouldn't it be worthwhile for one of the strong and surviving Major Minors to purchase the masters and turn them out slowly but surely on a sounder economic basis?

Anthony Lewis.

McLean, Va.

ON "DEUTSCHLAND" 'S TRAIL

We have been looking in vain for a recording of the string work which includes the strains of "Deutschland, über Alles." It pains us to confess that we cannot find the composer nor determine whether it is a trio, quartet, or quintet. So your assistance in putting us on the track of a good recording will be most appreciated.

Norman E. Dakan.

Editor's Note: *The Haydn Quartet in C, Op. 76, No. 3, is called the "Emperor" quartet because its slow movement contains the famous melody in its first form. The Budapest Quartet version (Columbia ML-4923) is very good.*

REVIVED MASTERS

I, too, and many other opera-disc lovers would like to have Ina Souez and other artists re-issued from the vaults of RCA Victor, but how about the treasures Columbia might also give us? Who can forget Eva Turner, Arnold Lindi, Emma Trentini, and Fanny Anitua? The latter is an indomitable pioneer-on-discs, who at the age of seventy-five is still the best loved artist-teacher in Mexico City, and has the largest group of students in the country. There are many others, too, who gave us Edison and Brunswick discs we've almost worn out. How can one persuade the owners of the masters to revive these artists for us? It might show the present generation what glorious singing really was.

William J. Wilson, Jr.

San Antonio, Tex.

Editor's Note: *Not all companies have preserved as many of their masters as RCA (with its former affiliates abroad).*

CHICAGO'S FINE ARTS

As an old fan of the Fine Arts Quartet, I was pleased to read Mildred Norton's cordial review of one of the group's tape recordings. I was surprised to see that the ensemble was new to Miss Norton, since its recordings for Decca and Mercury (particularly those of the Mozart and Brahms quintets with Reginald Kell) have long been an adornment to many a chamber-music record shelf. Its regular concerts have been a bright feature of Chicago's musical life for ten years now, and to my ears there is no more vital and accompanied quartet in the country.

Irving Sablosky.

Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: *Reader Sablosky, former music critic of the* Chicago Daily News, *is now affiliated with the U.S. Information Agency.*

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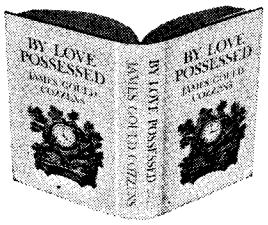

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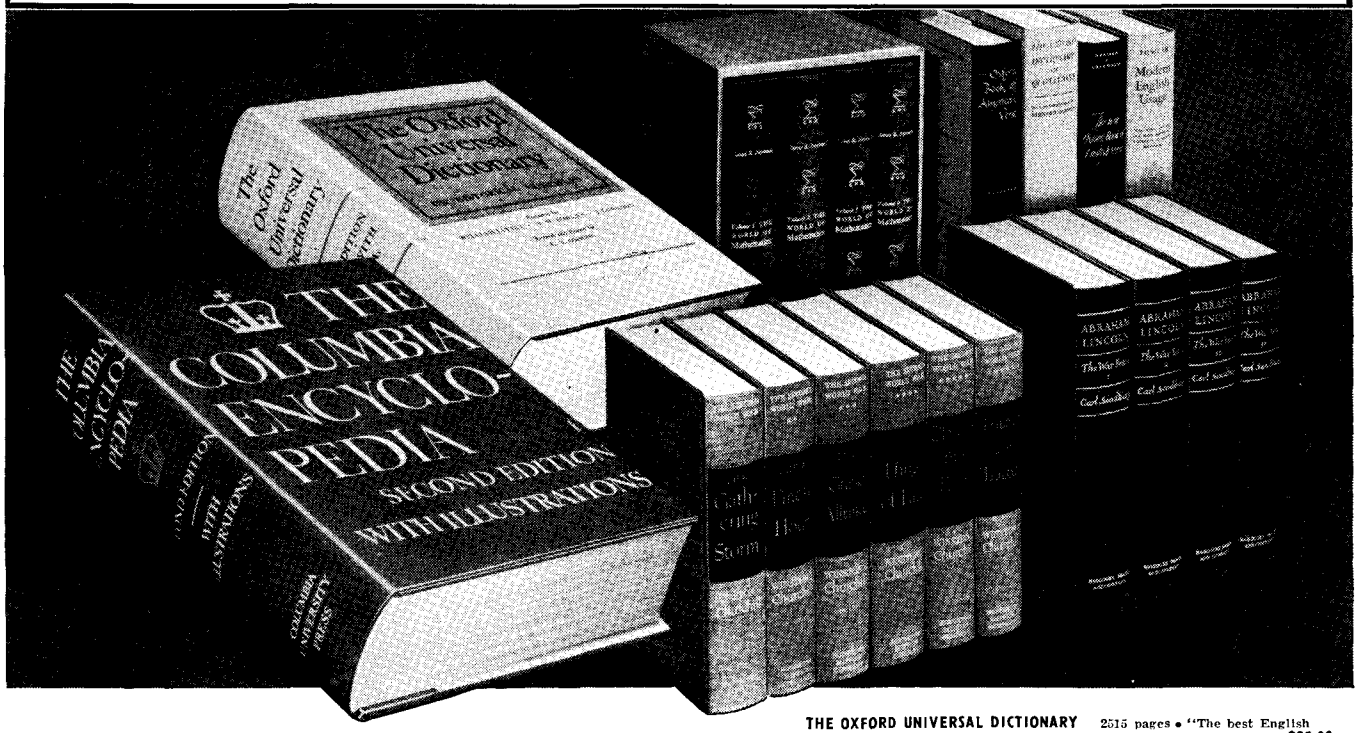

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